Week ending April 19 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

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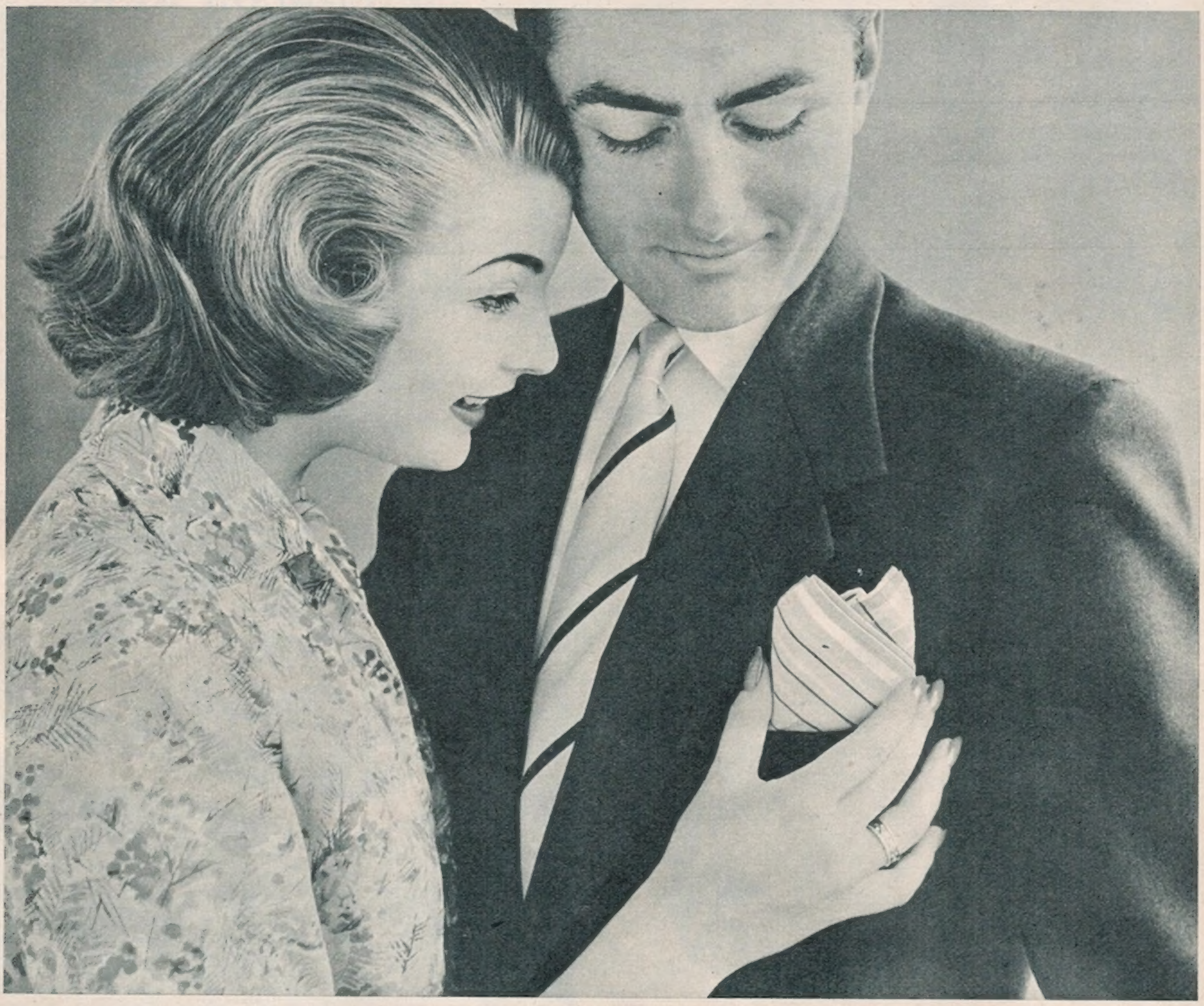

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Free Speech

British men—they're so casual, scruffy, long-haired and shapeless

Men criticize women for their lack of taste in wearing the sack, but are happy themselves in duffel coats, reefer jackets, flying jackets—anything with pockets big enough for them to hide their hands in.

They don't seem to be able to get out of polo-neck sweaters and appear to have a grudge against hairdressers. Judging by the number of mountaineering boots I see round town, there is no shortage of would-be Hillarys in our midst.

GEORGE CAMERON, MANSELL ROAD, ACTON, LONDON.

★ ★ ★

Way To Bankruptcy?

A boy from a nearby building site walked into a builders' merchant's shop while I was there and asked for eight four-inch nails. The assistant handed them to him and said, "No charge."

A little later a carpenter came in for a dozen wood screws. Again no charge.

I asked the proprietor why and he explained that small purchases involved so much bookwork that it was cheaper to make no charge for small orders.

WILLIAM WARDLE, QUESLETT ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

★ ★ ★

Learning To Read

I have no doubt that Mrs. Monica Clarke ("Free Speech," March 22) has made a good job of coaching her son in reading.

She might, however, find some slight difficulty in getting her natural teaching methods over to a class of forty or so.

She could hardly teach them individually all the time, and thirty-nine unoccupied primary school children can be a considerable distraction.

MRS. J. LAMBERT, BOURNEMOUTH ROAD, CHANDLERSFORD, HANTS.

★ ★ ★

All Crammed Together

Here we are, fifty million of us, packed into a tight little island, pushed for living space, striving against odds to be self-supporting, complaining about over-population and going all out for emigration.

Yet the government aggravates the position by handing out income tax allowances to married couples, and then child allowances, thus tending to encourage an even bigger population. Cut out allowances for marriages and families, I say.

People will then have children only if they can afford them; a big burden will come off income tax, and in the long run there'll be a little more breathing space for the rest of us.

B. PHILLIPS, LIVERPOOL.

★ ★ ★

Down With VIPs

The Mayor of Southport, Mrs. Mae Bamber, appears highly delighted because she has been accorded what she describes in a loathsome phrase as "the VIP treatment" ("Call Me Mr. Mayor," JOHN BULL, March 22). To me these are the most deplorable initials in the language.

What has the Mayor of Southport done, except take advantage of the party machine to get a few hundred people to vote for her? What has a Cabinet Minister done but get a few thousand?

Yet we have to make this silly fuss about politicians with a little power to their elbows who do far less for the community than doctors, teachers or even dustmen.

Perhaps it is as well that there are not more women mayors of towns. This sort of treatment would appear to have turned the head of at least one of them.

OLIVER MARLOW, CROFTON ROAD, ORPINGTON.

Continued on next page

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COAL TAR

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Free Speech

continued from previous page

The Marples Way

Your article "The Importance Of Being Ernest Marples" (JOHN BULL, March 15) reminds me of a wartime incident when I was in a unit commanded by the then Captain Marples.

The sergeant in charge of administration and I were due for leave at the same time. I asked Captain Marples whether I could go a week early so that the two of us would not be away together.

His reply was, "If you are both due for leave at the same time, go at the same time. The cemetery down the road is full of indispensable men."

A. E. STANIFORTH, KINGSWAY, ILKESTON, DERBYSHIRE.

Safety Line

Nailing down a loose floorboard on the landing, I drove one of the nails through the gas pipe. This sort of thing could easily be avoided if, when houses were built, a red line were painted along the floorboards to show where gas pipes and electric cables run.

F. MUNN, CAMBRIDGE ROAD, HASTINGS.

A Penny Shave

If M. G. of Liverpool, who admits indulging in free electric shaves at the expense of the Post Office ("Free Speech," March 22), had put a penny in the coin box of the telephone kiosk in which he shaved, he would have a good defence against any charge of stealing electricity. He would also have allowed the Postmaster-General a handsome profit.

S. C. MACDONALD, RECTORY BUILDINGS, CROSSFIELD, S.E.8.

Shoes Off

Ray's cartoon showing a husband taking off his shoes before going into his spring-cleaned home (JOHN BULL, March 22) reminded me that a local plumber regularly changes into slippers before entering any house to do his work—a most considerate attitude.

A. L. PARSONS, WHITESMOCKS AVENUE, DURHAM CITY.

Falling Feeling

In dreams I and several of my friends have often had the sensation of falling from a cliff or down a pit. We always awaken before we reach the ground or the bottom of the pit. I am told that if we were to dream that we hit the bottom, we would die. Is there any foundation for this belief?

J. K. CROSS, HURST GREEN, LANCS.

"This is a very common dream," says a psychologist. "The fear of falling is one of the basic human fears and since everybody has fallen at some time, this dream usually relates to an infant experience of a fall. The theory that an imaginary fall would be fatal can obviously never be proved."

Poor Blighters

When a player in a football match is injured, the game stops and the trainer dashes on to the field with that panacea for all ills—a wet sponge.

But I have noticed that the trainers of foreign teams are not so addicted

to its use. They rely more on massage and the trainer going on to the field carries a little black bag. I can think of nothing more uncomfortable on a cold winter's day than a wet sponge.

G. JONES, PARK AVENUE, BROMLEY, KENT.

"The trainer to a Continental team is usually a highly qualified masseur," says Alec Stock, of Leyton Orient, former coach to an Italian club. "His bag contains a medical kit."

Cold Comfort

Before all budgerigar owners rush to attach the heating devices described by Mrs. Rose ("Free Speech," March 22), I must point out that budgerigars don't need extra heat. They will happily weather a winter in an unheated aviary, and enjoy snow. But draughts and sudden temperature changes, such as those when a room is suddenly heated, cause them to go into a "soft moult," or even into a permanent moult.

MISS MARGARET A. BROUSE, CHURCH ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.

Taking The Lead

In his article on pencils ("Puzzle In Your Pocket," JOHN BULL, March 15) Francis Hitching says that the first pencils were made by binding string round graphite.

A few years ago I bought a U.S.-made pencil in London which, while looking like an ordinary one, consisted of a length of lead with paper wound round it in a series of spirals. When the lead wore down, the visible end of a thread running the length of the pencil was pulled up to the first of a series of notches, and from that point the paper was unwound to expose more lead.

H. WILLIAMS, INDIA ROAD, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

JOHN BULL *pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the* JOHN BULL *Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHOEVER made eggs such a fascinating shape? And the inside's even better, all gold and gooey—much more fun than pram-covers or corn flakes. Mothers never seem to learn. Batchelor, who has vast experience of this sort of thing, suggests that they should face realities. Give the baby an opened tin of treacle and a spoon and the day's shopping will be as safe as . . . well, say a much-loved Teddy bear that is only temporarily out of favour.

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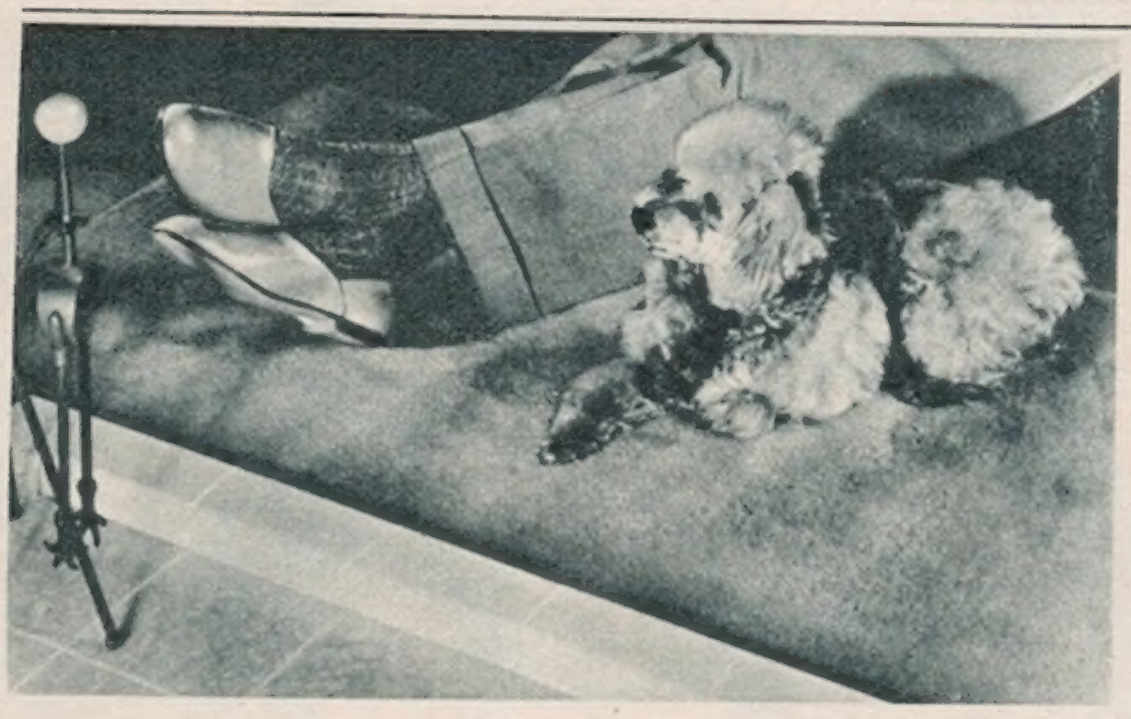

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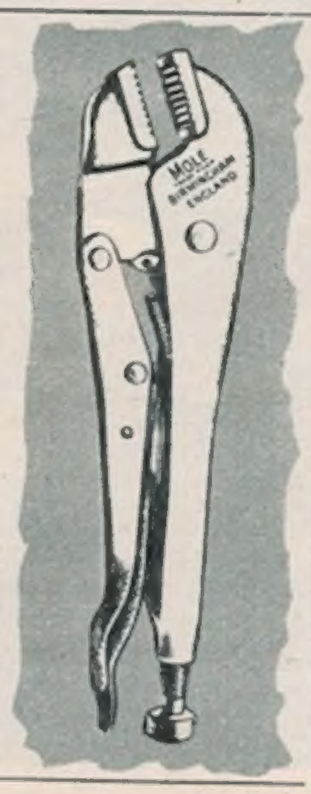

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Beginning the story of Leonora—the snake pit girl

Come to the FAIR

by JOHN MOORE

LEONORA closed her eyes until there was the least possible slit between the lids and played the game which she often played when she was unhappy or bored.

She supposed herself to be in the Forest, which she had never seen. The lighting in her tent helped the illusion; the electric lamps were coloured green. By narrowing her eyes she could conjure up a leafy shade, and the faces of the people peering down at her became blurred until they were as clusters of pale flowers—huge orchids, perhaps, like the ones which were painted on the six-foot-high advertisement board outside the booth.

Leonora's idea of the Forest was founded entirely upon this painting, which showed scarlet parrots, white cockatoos and sky-blue macaws perching among the orchids. There were also bright-daubed butterflies, and monkeys hanging by their tails; crocodiles yawned; lions, tigers, leopards peered out of thick foliage; and a girl, even more naked than Leonora was now, stood unconcerned among them.

It was hot in her Forest; an oil-stove burning only a few feet away from her cast a midsummer warmth upon her bare legs and arms and made a continuous sizzling noise as of chirruping cicadas. She could imagine other noises. The people as they walked round her pen jabbered like monkeys, and Mr. Bloxham, who stood at the entrance in a top hat and a tailcoat with a carnation in his buttonhole, had a voice that was as harsh as a

As Bill came on towards them the man dropped the coconuts—leaving his hands free to fight

Bill cursed as Leonora bathed his cut eye. "It can fix you," he said. "A thing like

parrot's, seeming to screech *wah-WUK-wah, wah-WUK-wah*, though what he really shouted was, "Walk up ladies and gents, walk up all you folks an' see the beautiful jungle girl defying an 'orrible death every minute."

Opening her eyes the merest fraction, Leonora looked into two others. They were lidless and unblinking. And they were poised about six inches from the tip of her nose.

Without opening her own eyes any wider, Leonora gently pushed away the pendulous head, cupping it in the palm of her hand. Raising her other hand, she supported a heavy coil of the leaf-green bronze-brown-dappled beautiful body and let it slide slowly past her face, so that it filled her field of vision and she saw it as a piece of the Forest, a swaying green bough.

A woman said: "Nasty. It ain't natural. It turns me up to see 'er."

The Forest-spell was broken, and Leonora looked up. Her pen was made of canvas on a framework five feet high. Over the top of the frame the turned-up woman and the other flatties stared down at her. Leonora didn't know why they were called flatties. Perhaps it was because they were simply eyes that stared and mouths that shouted at you.

Her pen was twelve feet square and sparsely decorated with maidenhair ferns in pots and some rather sick-looking and unjungly aspidistras. The only other furnishings of her pen were two cushions, on which she could lean back, and the bowl containing the snakes' water.

The snakes hardly ever drank the water, but a man with a beard had once complained to Leonora, and then to Mr. Bloxham, that it was cruelty to snakes not to provide it. On the strength of his beard Mr. Bloxham deemed the man to be learned and a naturalist, and he was wary of learning and of naturalists. So was Leonora. Educated flatties were apt to sneer: "Defying death, rubbish! Perfectly harmless pythons or boas. They don't bite, they squeeze."

Catherine was the larger of the two snakes. From nose to tail she was five feet three, which was exactly the same length as Leonora. The male snake, Kaa, was less than four feet long. He was curled round Leonora's shoulders now.

Leonora lay back on the cushions and tickled Kaa's throat, which seemed to give him pleasure. This was too much for the turned-up woman, who announced: "If I stays in here any longer I shall be sick," and, dragging a reluctant daughter, pushed her way past the man with the broad red face who was blocking the exit.

This man was one of those who believed in having a good sixpennyworth. He had shuffled very slowly round the pen, pausing for longer and longer between each step, holding everybody up, until at last he had found himself close to the exit, where he stopped.

"Ain't you cold?" he said at last.

Leonora shook her head. It had to be hot for the snakes; otherwise they got sleepy. It was in fact so hot today that the suntan stuff was running off her body in greasy trickles. She hated it, because she had to scrub it off each night before she went to bed; but Mr. Bloxham thought it matched her better to the jungle scene. Towards this end he had provided her with a bikini, which did not seem to him incongruous.

It was one of Mr. Bloxham's maxims that "in show business the less they wears the better, as long of course as they stays decent." Whenever the nature of his side-shows made it possible, he put this principle into practice; so Ivy, who submitted three times a day to confinement in a long glass case like a coffin, where she was "frozen solid on to a block of ice" to the wonder of the spectators, wore a bikini too; and Petula, the Tip-'em-out-of-bed Girl, was dressed in a transparent pink nightdress, for the delight of those accurate shyers who could hit the bull's-eye on the target with a wooden ball, whereupon Petula was tumbled out of a kind of hammock.

These two shows, plus Leonora's snakes and Battler Bill's Boxing Booth, earned Mr. Bloxham a handsome living at the fairs to which he travelled regularly from April to October.

When she first joined his show, three months ago, Leonora had worn long black tights and matching tops. Her mother, who had done the same act for years and had brought Leonora up with the snakes since she was a child, had always "dressed respectable" for the part. "Else it becomes a different kind of show," she had explained. "Not artistic, not nice." But Mr. Bloxham had his own ideas. After a week or two he had said, with a thoughtful glance at Leonora, "We'll have to have them black things off you, I think." And he bought her the bikini next day.

Leonora, for her own part, didn't mind either way: flatties were flatties, remote and separate from you whether you were practically naked or not. But she had thought Bill would mind.

Bill was Mr. Bloxham's son: Battler Bill of the boxing booth. In the autumn, when the fairs finished, he and Leonora were going to be married. So Leonora had half-expected that Bill would be against his father's idea about the bikini and, when it turned out that he wasn't, she had been not hurt exactly, but surprised, puzzled, suddenly uncertain of the world in which she found herself.

She and Bill had been walking out for nearly a year before she joined Mr. Bloxham, and she had been just sixteen when she first watched Bill in the boxing booth, stripped to the waist, lithe as a leopard, the muscles rippling across his broad shoulders as he pasted the oafs who came into the ring like sheep to the slaughter in response to Mr. Bloxham's breezy invitation: "You lads with big hearts, you lads with real guts that ain't stuffed with sawdust; ten bob if you stands up two rounds, twenty silver shillings if you stands up three, and if so be as you gets a hiding, you'll boast for the rest of your days that you had it from Battler Bill, the future welterweight champ of Great Britain!"

USUALLY they lasted about forty seconds. But Bill was careful not to make a mess of their faces. And he was ever so nice to them afterwards. He helped them up and, shaking them by the hand, declared: "You put up a good fight, you had me real worried."

Leonora fell in love with him, head over heels. Soon their Walking Out ripened into an Understanding. It was because of this Understanding that Leonora joined Mr. Bloxham's show.

Her mother had died two years before; and her father had stayed on the road, travelling his coconut shies while Leonora took her mother's place in the pen with the pythons. But her father started drinking, and then he took up with a big blowsy woman who helped him with the shies, and married her.

After that everything went wrong. There was never much money, and what there was went on beer. The caravan that had been so neat and tidy became a shambles in which Leonora's father and his new wife bickered and quarrelled and sometimes fought.

So Mr. Bloxham's offer, and the Understanding with Bill, seemed to open up a way of escape from the loneliness and misery. Mr. Bloxham had said to Leonora's father: "Now how'd it be if she tags along with us, and I smartens up her show a bit, and sends you every week twenty-five per cent of the takings? You'd get three quid a week at least. The snakes stay your property, and I sees to her pocket money and keep. Then, when she and Bill gets spliced, we can have another look at the arrangement."

On the day Leonora joined Mr. Bloxham's show, she and Bill had gone off together to the tattooist where "Bill" and a heart with an arrow through it were tattooed between Leonora's shoulder blades. It was Bill's idea, and Leonora loved him all the more for it. He hadn't given her a ring, but this was something better. You couldn't throw it back if you quarrelled.

She was done first, and she slipped down her dress shyly, the first time she'd done anything of the kind in front of Bill. Then Bill was done

Leonora didn't mean to stay and listen. But something in the tent made her stop

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

this could finish you for keeps . . .”

in two colours, pink and blue, “Leonora” and a pierced heart same as hers.

When they came out of the tattooist's, Bill said: “Well, it won't wash off, will it?”

Leonora's eager heart leaped at that. It wouldn't wash off either of them, ever.

She was very happy for those first few days with Mr. Bloxham. He seemed kind, though he pawed a bit, especially after he'd bought her the bikini; she thought he did it by accident, or without thinking, until one day she caught Mrs. Bloxham looking at him, and somehow the look told her it wasn't an accident at all.

On the whole, Leonora was happy enough, or at any rate she hadn't been unhappy, until Ivy had joined the show a couple of months ago. Then Mr. Bloxham was all over Ivy, just as he'd been all over Leonora at the beginning. He bought a bottle of rum and, after Ivy had been frozen on to the block of ice for twenty minutes he would pour out for her a good strong tot of it, in front of the crowd.

“She's a good kid,” he'd say. “Give her a hand, ladies and gents. And here's a drop of Nelson's blood for her, she's sure got a heart as big as a sailor's! Minus twenty degrees Fahrenheit inside that box; and she sticks it for twenty minutes. Show 'em your back, Ivy.” It was red as a beetroot where she'd been lying on the ice-block.

“Sometimes it damn near skins her,” said Mr. Bloxham with relish. “She's tough, though —ain't you, Ivy? Have a good swig, my dear, and get yourself warm again.”

Ivy *was* tough. She was also dirty, lazy and sly. She had been “in jug” and was curiously boastful about this. She'd been to an approved school, and then to some sort of Borstal, but she was most proud of her three weeks' sentence in a proper prison.

“What for, good heavens?” Petula had asked. Petula, the one who was tipped out of bed, was a comical little thing. Leonora liked her.

“I swiped some turtle doves off of a shop counter,” Ivy said.

Petula and Leonora looked at each other in bewilderment.

“For the benefit of you kids, a pair of gloves,” said Ivy.

“Oh . . . shoplifting?” said Petula at last.

“Yeah,” said Ivy, with a pretended yawn.

After that Petula, who was a very frugal girl, kept her purse under her pillow. One day she said to Leonora: “I'd keep a pretty sharp eye on Ivy if I was you, ducky.” And Leonora thought she referred to Ivy's thieving, so she hid her money. Later on she realized that Petula had meant something different.

For quite a long time Leonora had noticed the change in Bill; how he had grown more offhand with her, how he was less of a gent in the caravan than he was in the boxing ring, saying, *Git and do this, Git and do that*, sometimes almost as sharply as his father spoke to Mrs. Bloxham.

On one such occasion Mrs. Bloxham, who worshipped Bill, turned to Leonora with a little smile, but it was a funny one, almost as if she were smiling to herself.

“Why, it's almost as if you two was married already,” she said.

That was just after Bill had copped a packet at Nottingham; so Leonora, who was obstinately trusting, put it down to the fact that he'd been hurt.

A sixteen-stone miner had come up into the ring. “Here's one whose guts ain't stuffed with sawdust,” said Mr. Bloxham. Bill, as usual, had gone for his opponent's face, cleverly teasing him, trying to make him angry. This time the tactic had worked too well. Goaded into fury, the miner had suddenly gone for Bill head down.

He swung his fists at random, but one heavy clout opened an old cut over Bill's eye, so that he couldn't see for blood; and, when he put up his glove to wipe it away, the miner swung a fist into his temple, knocking his head sideways.

Mr. Bloxham called time thirty seconds before the end of the round, and paid out two pounds instead of one to stop the crowd booing. Bill didn't shake his opponent's hand this time. He sat in his corner, his head between his knees.

He couldn't fight for a week after that. He stayed in the caravan most of the time, smoking dozens of cigarettes. Every night Leonora dressed the cut over his eye, and Bill would say anxiously: “How's it look, Lee?”

Then he'd curse about it, although it didn't seem much of a cut to Leonora. “It can fix you,” he kept saying, “a thing like this could finish you for keeps.”

At last he started fighting again, and for a week or two it was all right; he was doing fine, he gave up smoking, he went for long runs every morning to get himself fit.

Then at Sheffield he ran into trouble again: this time it was a hefty foundry worker who drew Mr. Bloxham's twenty shillings. It wasn't as bad as Bill's last beating, and it didn't open the cut over his eye; but he sat all next day in the caravan. He'd got a headache, he felt funny, he didn't want no food.

He took another cigarette; and Leonora watched him, bewildered and dismayed, as he held the match three inches away from it and puffed in vain.

“Here, let me,” said Leonora, and took the match from his fingers.

“Quit fussing!” He got up, and the cigarette, still unlit, hung from his lips. “I'm sick an' tired of it. I'm going out.”

Ivy slipped out of the caravan just afterwards. Leonora didn't think anything of it; and even when they came back together two hours later, and she realized that they'd both been to the pub, it troubled her only briefly, for she told herself that Bill in his present mood wanted company, and he knew that she didn't like pubs.

She brushed away a faint unformulated jealousy of Ivy, and she didn't think any more about it until two or three days later.

It was a Sunday night, and Bill had gone off on his own as soon as they'd put the tents up ready for the fair on Monday. Ivy disappeared too. She didn't come back to supper; nor did Bill. Leonora and Petula went to bed in the second caravan, where the girls slept with Mrs. Bloxham; and Leonora lay awake, wondering about Ivy.

She came in at last, and Leonora pretended to be asleep as Ivy put on the light over the bunk opposite hers, wriggled out of her dress, and stood looking at her face in the looking-glass.

Leonora could see Ivy's face in the looking-glass, and the lipstick smudged all round her mouth so that she looked like a clown. Ivy patted her hair and dabbed off the lipstick with a handkerchief. Then, still in her underclothes, she got into bed.

The light went out, and after a minute or two Petula's hand came out from the bunk alongside Leonora's and found Leonora's hand under the bedclothes. And so the two girls lay, for hours it seemed, and listened to Mrs. Bloxham snoring.

Next day Leonora tried to persuade herself that Ivy hadn't been with Bill. Petula had said: “She's always out to pick up a man.” *It must have been somebody other than Bill*, Leonora told herself; and she went on telling herself that, all that day and the next day.

On the second evening, after she'd put the snakes away, she was walking past the tent where Ivy did her act. She didn't mean to eavesdrop, but something made her stop, just short of the tent flap, and she saw Bill helping Ivy on with her woolly wrap. Ivy had just come off the ice. She was saying: “Coo, I'm perished. And no rum! Your dad's a meanie.”

Mr. Bloxham had stopped buying the rum for Ivy when he discovered that it cost him about thirty shillings a week.

“I'm proper perished,” whined Ivy again; and then some warning voice in Leonora's mind told her not to listen any longer, and, seized by a strange panic, she dashed past the open tent flap; but it was too late, for she couldn't stop her ears. She heard Bill laugh at Ivy's complaint about the rum. Then his words came loud and clear: “Never mind. I'll warm you.”

That had happened a week ago now. So for seven days Leonora had known that Bill was going with Ivy. Indeed, they no longer made a secret of it, and when Bill said: “I'm going out,” he would add quite openly: “Coming along, Ivy?”

Then Mrs. Bloxham would turn her peaky face, first towards Bill in acceptance and adulation, then towards Leonora with that small, secret smile. It was as if she said: “You got to put up with it like I did. Men are different from us. It's *their* world. You better get used to it now, my dear; for it'll be like this, always.”

Always. Because, in spite of Ivy, in spite of Leonora knowing, and Bill being well aware that

she knew, their Understanding remained the same Understanding. Bill was as possessive as ever. He made it quite clear that he regarded Leonora as *his*. He still looked to her to stick the plaster over his eye; to mend his clothes, which she'd always loved doing. He still said: "Git and do it," in the whiplash voice that was so like his father's.

He still told her—and sometimes Leonora thought she could have borne anything but this—of the secret fear which he would not tell to anybody else in the world.

"Look straight at me, Lee."

"Yes."

"Stretch out your left arm."

"Yes."

"Straight out. Twiddle your fingers. There's a shadow there. Move your hand in towards me. It's coming out of the shadow. That's what they do to me. I could box 'em silly, but they come out of the shadow. Lee—"

"Yes, Bill?"

"I can't see your hand, Lee. There's golden fountains there."

"Please," she begged him. "Go and see a doctor, Bill. He'd fix you, sure he would. He'd fix your headaches too."

"Oh, quit fussing . . . I'm going out."

SHE knew—but she couldn't tell how she knew—that he never spoke of this to Ivy. It was for her alone, because of their Understanding. Ivy wouldn't last: she knew that too. But there would be other Ivys. Mrs. Bloxham's smile told her that: "You better get used to it. . . . It'll be like that, always. . . ."

"Ain't you frightened?"

It was the red-faced man, of course, peering down into her pen. Once again Leonora shook her head. She shut her eyes.

She lay right back on the cushions as Kaa poured himself over her shoulder and Catherine crawled up towards Kaa. Leonora put up her hands in front of her face and, with a gesture that had become automatic, fended away the two heads which, with curious persistence, quested in the direction of her nose.

She heard the red-faced man say again: "Ain't you scared?" She screwed up her eyes tight and felt the tears come hot behind the lids; not because she minded the red-faced man or any of the flatties, but because of that one word "scared," which had grown big in her mind for seven days and nights.

Scared, scared, scared: not of the snakes, of course, but of life itself, life that had seemed to close in on her like a cage, that had shut the door with a clang at that moment when she heard Bill say to Ivy: "I'll warm you," and that had bolted it firmly and for ever when he had said: "I can't see your hands, Lee. . . . There's golden fountains there."

When she opened her eyes again, she found herself looking straight up at a tall young man who amusedly smiled at her. He was the nearest flatty to the entrance, so presumably he'd only just come in; and, at the moment when Leonora caught his eye, he was looking faintly surprised; as if, despite Mr. Bloxham's high-flown oratory, he hadn't expected to see a small girl in a bikini lying on her back entwined about by two large pythons.

It happened that just then she was using both hands to remove Catherine's head from the vicinity of her face. Catherine was very strong, and Leonora had to grip her tight and heave quite hard. She was half-angry with Catherine, and she probably looked it, because the young man's smile broadened into a grin. It was a grin of complete understanding.

No flatty, ever before, had seemed to think what she was thinking. No flatty had ever established any kind of communion with her. Leonora was so astonished that she sat up. In doing so she tightened her hold on Catherine's throat, and Catherine, in one of her little paddies, thumped the floor with her tail; she opened her mouth wide so that Leonora could see the backward-sloping teeth and the swift-flickering tongue. She spat like a cat at Leonora, *sssst!*, and the flatties uttered an anticipatory *Oo!* (One false move and the deadly serpents strike!)

The tall young man, however, had nothing in common with these flatties. He continued on his way round the pen with the air of one who had seen stranger things. Now and then he glanced at Leonora and, whenever he did so, Leonora had to smile.

At last, half-way round the pen, he laughed; and Leonora found herself laughing too. By now she had ceased to think of him as a flatty. The snakes were forgotten, and she was sitting up straight with her hands against the canvas floor.

She was watching him as he strode round the pen with his sailor's rolling stride. Already she knew him to be a sailor. He had seen oceans, foreign shores, lands of the black men, lands of the yellow men, deserts, *forests*. She was sure of it. Yet she could only see the top part of him as he went round her pen: light hair, lean face, merry eyes, quick smile, the jauntiness of his broad shoulders as he walked.

He came at last to where the red-faced man, with his elbows on the framework, had stuck out his big bottom so that people had to wriggle past it. He paused before the red-faced man, regarding him keenly, as the man in his turn stared at Leonora. Ever since she had sat up, the piggy eyes had been boring away at a spot between her shoulder-blades. She realized that he was fascinated by the tattooed heart.

She quickly lay back on her cushions. She couldn't have told why she didn't want the tall young man to see the heart. He hadn't seen it, because he was looking hard at the fat flatty.

He said: "Excuse me," and the flatty took no notice. Then an extraordinary thing happened. The merriment went out of the young man's eyes. He leaned behind the flatty and took hold of him by his elbows. Thus he swung him round towards the exit, saying: "Move along then, mate, you've had your tanner's worth." And, without any fuss or bother, without any apparent effort at all, he propelled the flatty out.

Leonora, who watched it happen from below, had the impression that the fat man must have been lifted clean off the ground. It was done so quickly that the other flatties seemed not to have noticed. They continued round her pen, but faster now, because the fat man was out of the way: an endless procession of faces, as if cut out of cardboard, mouths that opened and shut, eyes that stared.

She knew the young man would come back again. How she knew was another strange thing: it was as if his grin had said so. She imagined him going round the fair, a slide down the chute, a ride on the swings, sixpennyworth on the dodgems, a bang at the punchball—with those shoulders he'd surely ring the bell!

She'd scarcely finished her imaginary tour of the fair when it was time for her tea-break. This always happened at half past five. Bill had his first fight then, so Mr. Bloxham was busy in the boxing booth. Leonora went into the caravan where Mrs. Bloxham was cooking, and Petula in her nightdress was making tea.

IVY came in at that moment, very hoity-toity with her scarlet wrap slung over her shoulders. She looked around contemptuously, then said: "Coo, I'm cold. Thank heavens, Rosy Lee."

"For the benefit of us kids, cup of tea," said Petula. "But it might just as well be *nasty flea*. I've got one. Wonder who I caught it off."

Ivy flew at Petula, who coolly dodged behind Mrs. Bloxham, whence she asked in a tone of innocence: "How could I know that a person who was *proud* of going to prison would mind about a little thing like fleas?" Her teasing maddened Ivy, and perhaps there would have been a fight if Mrs. Bloxham hadn't at that moment set fire to the fat in the frying-pan. The drifts of blue smoke which eddied about the

caravan smelled of scorched cabbage and burned fat.

Mrs. Bloxham dished up the sausages with the least-charred bits of the bubble-and-squeak and put the plates on the table.

"How can I cook with you kids bickering?" she complained.

They'd nearly finished their sausages when Mr. Bloxham came in. He stood in the doorway, sniffing: Mrs. Bloxham stared at her plate. The whip cracked at last: "As usual, cinders," and Mrs. Bloxham jumped about six inches.

"Git an' cook a fresh lot," said Mr. Bloxham. He sat down at the table. "Bill's eye's split open again. These Welsh chaps box crooked. I stopped the fight. . . . You gels, git back to business."

Leonora said suddenly: "Mr. Bloxham, please—"

"Yes, gel?"

"Can I wear a top tonight? It goes cold in September."

"You got your oil-stove?"

"It's burning badly. The wick," lied Leonora.

"Well, you better fix it. If them snakes gets cold, they're no good," said Mr. Bloxham.

"But can I wear a top?" Leonora persisted. Another little lie tripped readily off her tongue. "I've got a bit of a cold."

"All right, wrap yourself up, gel, just this once."

So she wore a bright green jacket on top of the bikini, and didn't need to lie back on the cushions to hide the tattoo-mark in case the sailor should come in suddenly and catch sight of it. She still wasn't sure—or perhaps she was unwilling to admit to herself—why it seemed important to conceal it from him. But for the first time she was aware of it as something silly; and for the first time she was dismayed by the memory of Bill's words after the tattooist had done her: "It won't wash off, will it?"

She was glad of the green jacket; and now she sat up in her pen with a tingling alertness, and eagerly glanced at the entrance every time a new flatty came in.

There was no clock in her pen, but a church clock struck the hours and the quarters sweet

MY OWN BOSS

Brides are making my fortune

by HAROLD LIFE

WHEN I started as a studio photographer in 1946 my first camera was operated by a large rubber ball which I had to hold between both hands. The familiar bulb which the photographer squeezes was missing, and as spare parts were unobtainable at that time I had to rig up an alternative with two toy balloons attached by a tube to a large ball. When I squeezed the ball the balloons expanded to work the shutter, but the sight of me holding the ball ready to squeeze vigorously sometimes proved too much for my clients, who burst out laughing.

Before the war I had been a tailor, but photography was my great interest and I gave up a £15-a-week job and worked for a photographer for £2 10s. to learn the business. When I was demobilized from the R.A.F. at the age of thirty-eight, with a gratuity of £115, I decided to try on my own.

The first quarter's rent for a suitable shop in Stoke Newington High Street, North London, was £64 in advance. Legal costs were £30.

I had no camera. All the same, I began canvassing for wedding orders. I went to caterers, hall owners and florists, read the engagement notices in the local newspaper, and just talked to people, asking if they knew of anyone getting married. I took a deposit on each wedding that I booked and so I was able to pay deposits on the equipment I needed and convert the shop into a studio.

My first camera cost £110, and a studio camera stand was £92. I made studio light reflectors by cutting a small barrel in halves, lengthwise, and painting the insides of the halves silver.

There was plenty of work as there was a shortage of photographers immediately after the war, and my first year's turnover was £6,400. The profit margin in this kind of photography is about thirty per cent, but all my profit went back into the business. I once did thirty-nine weddings in one day, and it was quite common to have ten brides waiting in the reception room.

By the beginning of 1948 the postwar spending spree was ending and that year my turnover went down to £4,000. During the last two or three years it has settled down at about £3,000 and I now have equipment worth £1,500.

The studio photographer must know his area. I wasted hundreds of pounds on elaborate window displays which only served to drive people away. Now I am content to fill the window with examples of my work.

People want a studio photograph to be a good likeness—not a characterless, wrinkle-free face. But they do want to be tidied up a little and not have their age underlined too much. So there is still retouching to be done to take out double chins, unsightly scars and eye defects.

Now I am making a speciality of coloured 3D photographs, for the only way to stay in this business is to keep up with the times. THE END

Harry Life started his business on a gratuity of £115 from the R.A.F. Now his annual turnover is £3,000

and clear above the braying of the roundabouts. It was half past nine when the sailor came, and he'd got a lot of coconuts tucked under his arm; but he gave them to some kids round the pen.

But once again he didn't linger. She knew why: he was thinking that it made her into an exhibit if he lingered. He moved with quick assurance round the pen and went straight out. But she knew he'd be back again before the fair ended.

He came back just after eleven, and now he had an enormous white rabbit in a plastic bag. He also had a flower vase and a willow-pattern plate and some more coconuts.

He was finding it difficult to carry all these things. He had the endearing awkwardness of a man who goes off to do the shopping without a basket. Leonora laughed out loud at him, surprising the flatties. Somehow or other he made the rabbit bow to her, just before he went out; and the look he gave her wasn't a goodbye look, so it was no surprise when she found him waiting outside for her after she'd put the snakes away in their heated cage.

Indeed, Leonora looked for him as she came out of the tent, and at first she couldn't see him among the shadows. But a moment later he stood before her. From behind his winnings he spoke to her: "Hallo."

"Hallo," she said, and heard him laugh; and, as she laughed too, she had a sudden, strange, warm feeling of companionship, something she'd never had with anybody, not even with Bill.

"How ever did you win such a lot?"

"I don't know. I couldn't go wrong. Like I was bewitched."

"I've never known anybody win a rabbit before."

"It's for you," he said.

"Me? Oh, but I couldn't. . . ."

"Would you mind having the other things too?" he said diffidently. "You see I've got a motor-bike. I couldn't carry them home—"

"Where's your home?" She had a sharp sense of moments slipping by. She wanted to find out all about him, and there wouldn't be time.

Perhaps he had it too, for the short sentences were like balls thrown from one to the other.

"Up the valley. Five miles. It's my mother's house. I'm on leave from my ship."

A ship! She'd known it.

"She's in the docks, loading."

"And then you—?"

"Off again. I've got a week."

They looked at each other for quite a long time, neither speaking, wasting precious seconds, as the showground lamps went out one by one.

"I'll come tomorrow," he said at last. "I thought we might go round the fair. On the roundabouts and things."

"I've never been on the roundabouts."

"You've *never?*"

"No." She giggled, aware for the first time that this might seem to be an extraordinary thing. "I'd like to, though."

SHE'D no idea how she could do it without the Bloxhams knowing. But there must be a way. Anyhow, she would go. A small flame of defiance burned. *I'm free, they haven't bought me.*

"Please, I'd love to come," she repeated. "One o'clock, I get off for dinner."

Another lamp went out; black tongues licked dry another pool of light; and, as if he too were a long tongue of shadow, Bill's presence seemed to thrust itself between them.

Leonora was aware of his presence before she saw him, a whole second before his voice lashed out at her: *"Lee!"* She backed away from his voice, and now she was side by side with the sailor. Bill was facing them.

"Git on in," he said to her.

She was clutching the rabbit; she didn't know how she managed to take hold of the other things which the sailor now unhurriedly put into her grasp. She supposed that he did so because he was going to leave her; indeed, she had time to stammer "Goodbye" before she realized with dismay what was in his mind. He wanted to have his hands free for fighting. He had dropped the coconuts to the ground, and now he kicked them out of the way. She cried out: "No!"

Bill moved towards the sailor.

"And you git out of it!"

She cried again, *"Please,"* agonizingly aware that she couldn't address the sailor because she didn't know his name. She saw him hesitate.

There was still a glimmer of light, enough to show an expression. Her eyes, her hands, her whole body strove to speak to him and she knew what it must be like to be dumb as she tried to tell him: *Go now, for my sake, and come back tomorrow. Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow.*

And suddenly he understood. His hands dropped to his sides. He turned away, and Bill said with easy contempt: "If ever you do want an argument, you know where to find me," and he pointed towards the boxing booth.

The sailor half turned back to Bill, and looked at him hard, and said: "Yes, I'll know where to find you," very quietly. Then he was gone.

Bill said again: "Git on in." He gave Leonora a punch, quite hard, in the small of her back, and she nearly toppled over. The willow-pattern plate and the vase fell out of her hand and smashed on the ground. She clung on to the rabbit when Bill pushed her towards the caravan.

In the caravan Bill caught her by the shoulders and swung her round so that she was facing him. The rabbit toppled out of her arms.

There was nobody else in the caravan, but she was aware of Mr. Bloxham coming to the entrance, pausing there and drawing back.

Bill's grip was painful on her shoulders. He said: "You're my gel, ain't you?"

The cut over his eye was red and open; he hadn't put any plaster on it. She had always been the one who put the plaster on. He'd been drinking, she knew, though he wasn't drunk.

"You're my gel?"

She didn't answer.

"Then mucking about with flatties ain't allowed."

He took one hand off her shoulder. She felt the grasp of his other hand tighten. He hit her hard with his open palm on the side of her face.

"Now git off to bed."

To be concluded next week

Under the title "Jungle Girl," John Moore's story will be published as a book in November by Collins. Price: about 12s. 6d.

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PERSONAL PORTRAIT Heathcoat Amory

In his stories he is always the mutt and somebody else the hero; when he was asked to be Chancellor he blushed, and when next he entered the House he tried to creep in unnoticed. By shunning fame he has won power—and become Britain's most talked about man of the moment

Left: Heathcoat Amory with the Countess of Albemarle at an open-air exhibition organized by the Rural Industries Bureau

'I'M THE CHANCELLOR WITH AN L PLATE'

ON the afternoon of January 6, Derick Heathcoat Amory was working in his neat but vast office in the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, when the telephone rang and the Prime Minister was on the line. Could the minister step across to Downing Street? "Won't keep you long," said Macmillan.

Amory gathered up a few official papers and walked across Whitehall with the loping strides of a countryman, went unrecognized past the policeman at the door of No. 10, gave his usual sharp ring at the bell and stepped briskly inside.

Head down, shoulders hunched, he strode through the black and white marble floored hall and double swing doors with small oval peep-holes, along the corridor lined with busts of former premiers, to the Cabinet Room at the back of the house. He pulled open the outer door, with its strong self-closer, and thrust his iron-grey mop of hair and his long nose round the edge of the inner "secrecy" door.

It was characteristic of Amory, whose diffidence charms some and infuriates others, that he did not advance into the room until Macmillan motioned him to do so. Going straight to the point, the Prime Minister offered Amory the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, just resigned by Peter Thorneycroft. Amory blushed slightly. "You could have knocked me down with the national debt," he said afterwards.

But it took him only five minutes, and a few encouraging words from the Premier, to make up his mind. "Right," he said. Then, remembering his modesty: "If you want me."

A group of press photographers was waiting for him as he left No. 10. The new Chancellor posed casually but carefully on the doorstep. He dabbed at his nose with a crumpled, coloured-bordered handkerchief when asked if he wanted to make a statement. "Yes," he said finally. "It's cold, and I think we all ought to go home." And he walked pensively to his small flat at Marsham Court close to the House of Commons, and made himself an omelet.

At fifty-eight, he is still a bachelor and enjoys cooking some of his own meals, washing up and even on occasions dusting his elegant but sparsely furnished flat. "S'pose I'll always be a bachelor," he says. "Though I must say a decorative wife looks good on an election platform."

His own experience of election platforms has been short and comfortingly sweet. He did not stand for Parliament until 1945 when, in the year of the Labour landslide, he emerged victorious at Tiverton in Devon with a satisfying Conservative majority of 8,285. "How can you hit a man like that? He'd charm a bird off a tree," said one of his opponents afterwards.

Nobody took much notice of him when he first arrived at Westminster. His maiden speech passed without comment, except that Winston Churchill asked the Chief Whip: "Is he one of ours?" and the official reporters sent the new Member for Tiverton a polite note asking him to speak louder next time.

"Don't think I'm going to like it," muttered Amory.

But, in 1951, when Churchill was forming his government, Amory was included, a long way down the list, as Minister of Pensions. It is said that Churchill confused him with someone else, and made the appointment by mistake. Since then, in his own party, Amory has been known to many as "Lucky Amory." Others, more cynically, call him "Amory the humble."

Like the late Sir James Barrie and Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, he seems to have found the ostentatious shunning of personal publicity an infallible way to the headlines. He has built up a reputation for keeping himself to himself, sliding in at side doors, slipping discreetly to the back of the crowd. Once he was found in an obscure seat at the rear of the platform at a meeting he was to address as star speaker.

Yet he keeps voluminous press cuttings about himself. "They amuse my friends," he explains.

He also enjoys telling long, over-detailed stories of army or public life, preferably from the depths of an armchair at Brooks's Club. In his stories, someone else is always the hero, Amory the mutt. But he invariably figures in them.

Very occasionally, he invites a party of friends to his flat, putting out odd chainstore glasses, half-filling them with not very expensive drinks and handing round shop-bought snacks. "Fancy one of these?" he asks diffidently. His conversation and public speeches are studded with far-fetched allusions to cricket, a game of which he is passionately fond. "You need to be a cricket fan to follow what he is saying," complained one of his supporters.

In Parliament, until he became Chancellor, he had spoken seldom and without much distinction, usually to a more than half empty House. Once, at a social gathering attended

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Introducing our great new serial . . . The Hunt for Kimathi

IAN HENDERSON

Hero of Kenya—twice a G.M.

He went unarmed to parley with Mau Mau • He tamed terrorists and then made them fight beside him • He plotted the downfall of Kimathi

Ian Henderson

by PHILIP GOODHART

EARLY in the afternoon of October 7, 1952, Chief Waruhiu was shot and killed seven miles outside Nairobi, Kenya. He was murdered in the best Chicago style. His car was forced to a halt by the side of the road. Three gunmen then walked over to him and opened fire at point-blank range.

The chief's funeral was impressive. It was attended by several thousand of his fellow Kikuyu tribesmen. The new governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, was there, and so was Jomo Kenyatta, then the most prominent African politician in Kenya.

The size and eminence of the congregation was in part a tribute to Waruhiu's position and personality—he had been a chief for thirty years and had received the M.B.E. earlier that year. In part it was also a recognition of the extraordinary circumstances surrounding Waruhiu's death.

A few days before, Chief Waruhiu had condemned Mau Mau, the secret, subversive movement which was growing increasingly bold. The bullets in his head and stomach were the terrorists' reply.

For two more weeks the violence and rumours of violence spread. Then a state of emergency was proclaimed throughout the colony of Kenya. Within hours a battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers flew in from the Canal Zone, and more than a hundred prominent Africans were detained.

Jomo Kenyatta, the president of the Kenya Africa Union, whose oratorical powers had captured the hearts and imaginations of the Kikuyu, was arrested in his own home.

The Mau Mau movement, which had brought bloodshed to Kenya, was a blend of ancient and modern. It owed much to the spirit of African nationalism and the trade union agitation which was growing in the towns. It owed more to witchcraft and the fear of witchcraft which flourished most strongly in the reserve. Some Mau Mau leaders wanted to destroy the white man; others wanted to uproot every vestige of European civilization.

It was both a strength and a weakness of Mau Mau that it drew its support almost exclusively from one tribe. It was for all practical purposes restricted to the Kikuyu—the "Germans" of tribal Kenya. This tribe of one and a half millions is noted for its devotion to education, its ability to work hard and its intelligence.

Kimathi, the Mau Mau chief, manacled in defeat. He maintained two reigns of terror—among his friends as well as his enemies. His career of tyranny began as his grandmother lay dying . . .

Of all the tribes in Kenya, the Kikuyu had the greatest collective respect for the binding power of both secular and magic oaths. They had a collective passion for secret societies, and a folk affection for traditional tribal ceremonies.

These ancient oaths and ceremonies were distorted and perverted by the Mau Mau leaders. Tens of thousands of once-peaceful men and women promised to kill, to cut and burn. The taking of the oaths would be solemnified with bestial ceremonies, which included the munching of human brains. To complete the atmosphere of horror, the "oathing chapels" would be decorated with intestines and gouged goats' eyes.

These oaths helped to bind the bulk of the tribe together in support of Mau Mau, and to turn the tribal mind against civilization. Hundreds of Kikuyu who resisted were cut

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Good egg!

THIS DESERVES THE WHEATGERM BREAD

HOW WISE YOU ARE when you eat brown bread! And how infinitely wiser when you ask for Hovis and insist on Hovis, the bread that's almost bursting its crust with wheatgerm, the life of the wheat and the part that does you so much good. For flavour and glowing good health your choice must be Hovis.

Don't just say 'brown' –say Hovis

In every loaf of Hovis, there's as much wheatgerm—the very best part of the wheat—as in eight loaves of wholemeal bread. That's how good Hovis is!

Accident Case

by F. W. HOLIDAY

HE would have turned over again and slept, but the ringing was too insistent. Moving wearily, he got out of bed and put on his dressing-gown. It was half past three in the morning, and the house seemed very empty with Carol away.

"Hallo?" he said, lifting the phone. "Solway here. Who's calling?"

"This is McFadden, sir. Emergency, I'm afraid. They've just brought in a woman—accident case. It's a head injury and it looks as though trephining may be necessary to relieve brain pressure. A climbing accident, I think. . . ."

The voice paused, apologetic, and Solway tried to tie his dressing-gown with one hand, frowning.

"All right, Harry," he said, "I'll come right away. Have her got ready. I want Sister Beck to be in charge of the theatre."

When he left the phone, Solway went straight to the bathroom to sluice his head under the cold tap. Even a surgeon needs sleep, and in the past two days he had only managed eight hours. But after a wash and a quick cup of coffee he knew he could tackle anything.

Downstairs, he switched on the electric kettle so that it could heat while he put on his clothes. With Carol away he was all at sixes and sevens.

He gulped the coffee and felt it burn his tongue. His watch said 3.42. He could be operating by four o'clock.

As he stood there cup in hand, his gaze moved briefly round the kitchen. Carol's taste was shown in everything—from the bright curtains to the absurd plastic egg-timer over the plate-rack. She had gone to visit her parents for a few days and already the house looked lost.

Apart from a telegram announcing her safe arrival, she had not written to him, and he had a faint sense of grievance. Surely it was not too much trouble for her to phone or scribble a letter. Did they mean as little as this to each other?

He drank the coffee, frowning. He had not married until he was in his thirties. Carol had been worth waiting for. She had given him what he needed most—companionship and a quiet home. But these last few months something had been off key.

He didn't know quite what it was, except that in a vague sort of way he felt irritated. He was a very busy man. He felt that Carol ought to take this into consideration. She ought to see things a little more from his angle. Of course, he neglected her sometimes; but hospitals are run to a strict time table and even the senior house surgeon can't flout the clock.

As he put down the cup, his mind caught at one of McFadden's phrases—*A climbing accident, I think*. He went over to the shoe cupboard. Then, very slowly, he stood up again.

Carol's parents lived thirty miles away on a remote farm bordering Snowdonia. And she had taken her old climbing boots with her.

Solway turned and went out to the garage. He drove out into the cold, early morning, feeling greatly worried. Of course it couldn't be Carol that was hurt. She was much too level-headed to take chances. It seemed impossible for such a thing to happen in cold blood to his own wife. Yet how could he be so sure about that? An accident could happen to anybody.

Uneasily, he started to review their life together. This last year or two he had been away from home a good deal—but that was unavoidable. Carol understood how it was and even chaffed him about it.

But there were times when his wife had seemed no more than a familiar face moving in the background of tobacco smoke while he talked with visiting surgeons over surprise luncheons. Times, too, when he had introduced her absently or had frankly not known whether she was in the house or out of it.

Suddenly his hands were clammy on the wheel. *What if it is Carol? What if it really is?* He felt terribly shocked and sick. He drove lost in a nightmare, not seeing the road. . . .

Lights burned in the theatre up in the hospital's west wing. Nurses moved busily along the highly polished corridors. By the radiologist's

His mouth dry, Solway turned from the X-ray plates. "Who is she, Harry?" he forced himself to ask

A surgeon has to keep the scalpels steady, his nerves steeled, his conscience clear—whoever the patient is

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

department, Solway saw Dr. McFadden waiting for him. They went inside together.

Running his eye over the rack of illuminated X-ray plates, Solway knew that he would have to operate, and the sooner the better.

"There ought to be a law against it," McFadden growled. "Rock climbing should be left to men. It's no woman's sport."

Solway's mouth was perfectly dry but he forced himself to speak.

"Who is she, Harry?"

"I haven't heard yet, sir," said McFadden. She's had a thirty-foot fall, so Matron was telling me. They rushed her in by private car. That's all I know."

Solway nodded grimly. It could still be Carol. Almost none of the hospital staff knew her personally. After their marriage he had taken her to visit the other hospitals where he worked, and it had been rather fun.

But at this one, after his various promotions, he had never seemed to get round to the social side. Now he was faced with the incredible fact that his colleagues wouldn't know his wife even if they saw her.

He turned and went down the corridor. His heart was hammering painfully. He had to know who the victim was and he had to know at once. If it were Carol, he didn't know what he would do. It was too late now to call another surgeon.

The door of the registrar's office was open and the light was switched on. The room was empty.

For a moment he stood staring at the row of filing cabinets. Then he remembered that the registrar was not yet on duty and that details of the new patient would have been submitted by the night staff.

He stooped over the desk, forcing his hand to reach for the single sheet of paper resting squarely on the blotter. He picked it up. It was a printed form and the patient's name, address, age, and injury were carefully set out. Solway read it, then replaced it on the desk.

The injured girl was not Carol. Her name was given as Joan Milward.

He turned away from the desk, and stepped into the corridor. It was time to get on with the job.

Opening the door of the theatre, he winced at the brilliance of the lights. Adams, the anaesthetist, was checking his cylinders. Solway nodded and passed through. Sister Beck turned from the glass-shelved instrument trolley to offer him one of her rare, tight-lipped smiles. He smiled back and went into the sterilizing-room. It was four o'clock.

Methodically, he scrubbed his hands. A nurse helped him into his gown. He adjusted his mask. His face was calm and only a little paler than usual. Then he powdered his hands ready for the gloves, and walked out under the lights.

His tight-knit team was assembled, waiting for him. He nodded at Sister Beck and she gave a signal. A moment later the trolley entered. The patient was slid into position

Solway bent to examine the injury. He was still slightly shaky, and sweat beaded on his face and ran into his mask. But when he lifted his hands he saw that they were quite steady.

"Scalpel," he said.

Sister Beck offered him the instrument. He took it, inspected it, and nodded approval. Then he stooped again, extending his fingers delicately, his breathing slow and deep. With great care he drew the first lines. . . .

It had been a difficult hour, but when he straightened from the table there was nothing left to do except to insert the final sutures. McFadden would take care of that.

Thanking his team, Solway went over to the sterilizing-room where he stripped off his mask and gown and washed his hands. Then he opened the door quietly and went down the corridor towards the exit.

Outside, the morning was cold and bright. On the steps he paused and lit a cigarette while he glanced at the fading stars. Somewhere in the shrubberies a blackbird was singing.

He breathed deeply as he took stock of his new knowledge of himself. The shock he had suffered had shown him how vital a thing his wife's love was—and how foolish he had been to risk losing it.

A starchy rustle made him glance over his shoulder. It was Sister Beck.

"Oh, it's Mr. Solway. I thought you were in the wards, sir."

"Just enjoying a cigarette, Sister," he said, offering his case. "Care to join me?" She accepted, and they stood for a moment before she said: "Did it go well?"

He nodded. "I think so. Yes. She should be all right with care."

Sister Beck glanced at Solway while she drew on her cigarette. She was a short woman—very tough and reliable, and his greatest ally.

"You weren't yourself tonight, sir," she said bluntly.

"Wasn't I?"

They exchanged a level, challenging glance.

"I can always tell," Sister Beck said. "But it didn't affect your work. With a good surgeon it never does."

"From any other person," Solway said lightly, "I should take that as the grossest flattery."

"If a shovel's got a square end, then you call it a spade and have done with it," Sister Beck said calmly and turned to go. "Well I must be away and get busy. It is nearly time for morning rounds."

Solway glanced at his watch. It was still early but, if he put a call through, perhaps he could have Carol brought to the phone.

More than anything else in the world he wanted to hear her voice. He had to tell her that things would be different now. He would be the husband she deserved.

And later today, perhaps, he would have a word with McFadden and a few of the others.

A party to welcome Carol home. Yes, she'd like that.

THE END

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by MARGARET CROSLAND

Each morning looking
at a curled leaf
or counting buds we hope
to watch the miracle.
We hover with charts,
with string or straw,
wire or water. We measure
this green and secret life
and every day learn wisdom. But
never
in that watcher's moment
will the bud unfold
or the leaf appear
where there was no life before.
All miracles are swift
and happen when we are not
looking. But growth is a
slowness we can never catch
for bud and flower and leaf
shine out too briefly from eternity.
At that moment we are never there.

A shy young monarch plays host this week to half a million guests. Now his subjects wonder—will he find a queen among them?

Although he is no longer king, Leopold is still regarded as head of the family by his son Baudouin (left) and Prince Albert (right)

BAUDOUIN THE BACHELOR KING

by S. L. SOLON

THIS year the shyest king in Europe will play host to the largest number of visitors his country has ever had. Lanky, bespectacled King Baudouin I of the Belgians will open Brussels Universal and International Exhibition and welcome this week half a million of the thirty-five million guests expected to visit his well-scrubbed kingdom this year.

It will be a duty performed rather than a labour of love, as he does not enjoy crowds.

On April 19 the twenty-seven year old, brown-eyed monarch will lead the grand march into the crystal and gold ballroom of the Royal Palace, which will be opened for the first time since the death of his mother, Queen Astrid, twenty-two years ago in a car crash.

There he will face sixteen of the loveliest princesses ever assembled on a royal dance floor —and the Belgians hope he will choose the one who is destined to be his bride and to reign by his side as Queen of the Belgians.

In Belgium, where family life is lived with a biblical intensity, people feel that it is high time that their king had a wife. "A king is only half a king without a queen" is a saying frequently heard in Belgium. The government hopes that this year Baudouin will make himself a full king in the Belgian sense. This hesitant young ruler has a sombre cast which his people would like to see tempered by the sparkle and gaiety of a pretty wife and a growing family.

Reserved, scholarly and delicate in health, Baudouin has only a small circle of intimates, limited chiefly to his family, and in a very real sense he remains the king nobody really knows. His awkwardness remains a barrier between himself and his people. Less than a year before he ascended the throne on the abdication of his father Leopold III in July, 1951, he told one of his few close friends, "I dread the day when I shall have to return to Belgium."

The dread has mellowed into an acceptance of the rôle he has to play, but Baudouin has never rid himself of the firm conviction that he sits on a throne which rightly belongs to his father.

Prominent on his desk is a portrait of the man he succeeded and when his father is at the palace it is he who sits at the head of the table. "I am the king, but my father is the head of the family," Baudouin explains.

The conflict between his love and loyalty to his family and the path of duty as determined by the constitution and government has sometimes created serious problems in the young king's mind. These have been resolved by a combination of Belgian give-and-take and patience. Sympathy for the way he has striven to overcome his handicaps is at the basis of the growing regard for Baudouin in his country.

Baudouin was not five when his mother was killed, but he remembers her with a clarity and vividness which very sensitive children retain for those who have guided their childhood. A month after Queen Astrid's death Baudouin was given a bicycle which she had promised him. It became his favourite plaything and it was on this same bicycle that he had a fall while riding a few months later in the exotic gardens of the Laeken Palace in Brussels. He struck a tree root and rolled into an ornamental pond.

He was unconscious when he was dragged out and developed bronchitis. Since then he has been inclined to suffer from colds and feverish chills, in contrast to his robust brother Prince Albert, who is four years younger and is almost never ill, and his elder sister Princess Josephine Charlotte, who has a similar sturdy constitution. Curiously, no news of his bicycle mishap has ever been published in Belgium.

By far the most important woman in his life

Continued on page 34

Baudouin relaxes from state duties while holidaying in Austria with his stepmother, Princess de Rethy

Belgian newspapers criticized the young monarch when he went on holiday on the Riviera while floods covered large areas of his country. Later he toured the distressed regions

With Jennifer's money he could be king-pin at the tennis club. The problem was: how to make her marry him

The Professiona

by GUY ETHERINGTON-WILSON

HE was much more than a professional; everyone agreed about that. At one time he practically ran the tennis club. Captain Bruce, the secretary, was a gentleman of course, very good socially, but it was "R. B. Chapel, Professional, ex-Wimbledon, coaching and racquet repairs"—for that was how he modestly styled himself—who kept the place together.

He had prodigious stores of energy. On almost any fine afternoon he was to be seen coaching a junior on one of the more distant courts. Collecting balls for the next rally, with his little bobbing walk and with a racquet that always seemed too big for him, he was an unmistakable figure. And at teatime, in the clubhouse, he was nearly always the centre of an animated group listening to his latest remarks about turf or the change of style in modern tennis or the attitude of the younger generation to the game.

During the tournament week in August he performed miracles. At one moment he was soothing the temperaments of celebrity players, all of whom he knew by their Christian names. The next, he had found time to exchange a joke with a group of local girls just to show that he did not forget even at such a time where his real affections lay. And then, during the final scene of prizegiving, when the president inevitably mentioned him in his speech, as likely as not he would be nowhere to be seen—until someone spotted him on the far side of the club, helping the groundsman get the nets in.

Old and young respected him; they could not have imagined the club without him. But it would not have occurred to anyone to ask: "Is Mr. Chapel happy?" He was not the sort of person one thought of as either happy or unhappy. Mr. Chapel himself had probably not considered the matter. His whole life was the club, and he was completely absorbed in it. There was no time for what he would have considered idle philosophizing.

There was, however, one recurring experience that disturbed the even course of his existence. He never let it show, of course; nobody knew about it. He did not allow himself, even, to think that it had any more than momentary importance. After all, he told himself, life was bestrewn with difficulties and this was just one of them. But, unlike other difficulties, it never seemed any nearer a solution.

The president of the club was a Mr. Curtis Bentley, a prosperous, retired City man, well known in the county. He lived in a large house some way out of town. He was a kind, generous and sociable man who had been a great player himself in his day, and the club was proud of him. He had a wife, who was also kind and generous; and a son, Edward.

It was really Edward, or "Mr. Edward" as Mr. Chapel always called him, who was the trouble. The other members of the club regarded Mr. Chapel as something more than a professional. Though they asked him to give them lessons and paid him for them, they regarded him as part of their social life—an equal. But the Curtis Bentleys, and more particularly Mr. Edward, most certainly did not.

Also, Mr. Edward's attitude to tennis worried Mr. Chapel. As his father had been before him, Mr. Edward was exceedingly good at the game and apparently enjoyed it, yet he seemed to have no ambition. As Mr. Chapel so often said to the members: "It could have been Wimbledon, you know, if he'd only had the inclination." It was unjust, Mr. Chapel thought.

Most of the members would have given anything for even one or two of Mr. Edward's strokes, yet Mr. Edward himself didn't seem to care whether he had them or not.

The Curtis Bentleys didn't often come to the club, and it would have been better if the infrequent visits could have been announced beforehand. It was partly their unexpectedness that upset Mr. Chapel.

He would be in the bar perhaps one summer evening at about eight o'clock, having a quick beer before going home, and holding forth about something or other and suddenly someone by the window would say: "Oh, look, here come the Curtis Bentleys."

MR. CHAPEL would continue talking but, like a boring speaker interrupted by a clever heckler, he would be aware that attention had wandered to the procession advancing across the centre court. (Slap across the centre court! Nobody else could do that and escape his reprimand.) And he, too, despite his desire to be unaffected, would join his audience and stare out of the window.

Invariably, first would come Mr. Edward, walking slowly with his mother on his arm; then his father—a little behind because he'd stopped to have a word with the groundsman; and finally, inevitably, the uniformed chauffeur with the pekingese.

When the Curtis Bentleys entered the bar everybody else automatically sat up a little straighter. They might have been royalty, Mr. Chapel thought savagely.

"Good evening, Mrs. Curtis Bentley," he would say with the horrid little bow he was so ashamed to remember. "Good evening, Mr. Edward."

Then Mrs. Curtis Bentley and Mr. Edward would sit down and begin two groups of conversation with the members, one each, until the old man arrived, ordered drinks all round, and began a third.

Mr. Chapel was always left out of these groups. He stood by the bar and tried to make Mr. Curtis Bentley's beer last, though he always drank it too quickly out of sheer nervousness. Many times he'd thought, in the stronghold of solitude, that one day he'd just move off and leave them to it. Why should he wait when no appointment had been made? Why should Mr. Edward assume that he would be present whenever he felt like some "exercise"?

But somehow he could never bring himself to go. He was always there when Mr. Edward, putting down his glass, turned to him and said in his lazy, beautifully manicured voice: "Well, Chapel, what about it?" Which meant that Mr. Edward had decided to go and change, and in ten minutes would be ready for his "knock."

It was never clear to Mr. Chapel why Mr. Edward wished to practise with a professional at all. He never, to Mr. Chapel's knowledge, entered any kind of competition—not even their local tournament. Neither did he seek advice during or after their game.

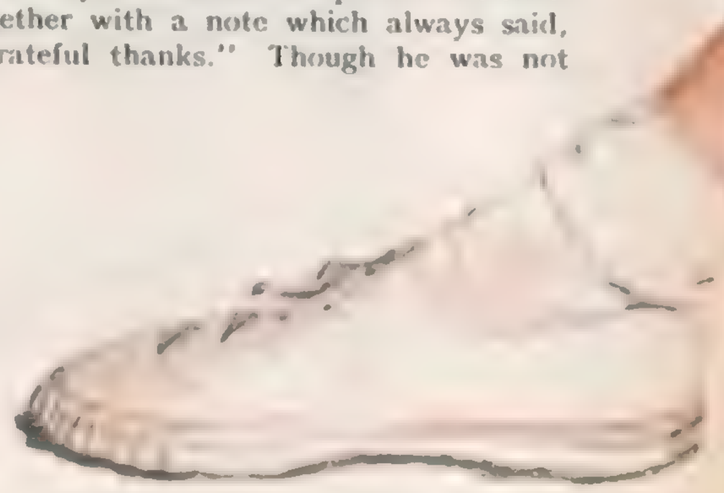
Once or twice, after their invariable three sets, as Mr. Edward was pulling on his sweater, Mr. Chapel had tried to probe this mystery in a tentative sort of way.

"You know, Mr. Edward," he would say, purposefully in front of his mother and father, who had been watching, "you know you really ought to *do* something with your tennis. With strokes like yours. . . ."

But before he had finished his sentence Mr. Edward would interrupt. "Aha!" he'd say in that big voice that could be heard all over the club. "You're probably right, Chapel—probably right. But I really haven't the time, you know. However, maybe, one of these days."

It particularly annoyed Mr. Chapel to be called "Chapel" like that. Everyone else called him "Mr. Chapel," and, after all, he wasn't a nobody. He'd mixed with all sorts, as one does in the sporting world. He wasn't just any old professional cashing in on a few strokes. He'd noticed that the Curtis Bentley chauffeur was referred to as plain "Weekes," and it really angered him to be put in the same category as a chauffeur.

And, two days after the Curtis Bentleys' visits, he always received a cheque for ten shillings, together with a note which always said, "with grateful thanks." Though he was not



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"Today I have a surprise for you," Chapel told the excited girl. "I am going to tell you the name of your secret admirer . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

averse to the money, somehow this was the most irritating thing of all.

Yet there was nothing he could do about it. No matter how many schemes he devised for putting the Curtis Bentleys in their place, none of them was any good when it came to the point. In their presence he lost all control over his actions.

It was money, he decided finally. It was only money that gave them this advantage over him.

Then a change came. Old Mr. Curtis Bentley died and it was soon common knowledge that debts and heavy death duties had all but wiped out his estate. Mr. Edward accepted a job offered him by one of his father's friends, which temporarily took him to India, and his mother went into obscure retirement in Bournemouth.

One might have expected that Mr. Chapel would have been secretly pleased by this turn of events, but this was not so. For Mr. Edward's departure seemed to start a landslide.

Nearly all the best people in the club gradually drifted away, and they had to accept as members a lot of riff-raff from the new housing estates going up in the district.

The club went downhill. Mr. Chapel continued to work hard but, as he pointed out to Captain Bruce, no matter how hard you worked you couldn't do anything with bad human material. The members now, in order to save sixpence, brought their own teas and left paper about under the benches.

Mr. Chapel became depressed. Though he went on just the same, he was more severe with the juniors and seldom joked with anyone.

Then, one spring morning when he was coaching a large fat girl in a creased white dress, a strange couple arrived and stood watching by the court; a very small old man, with a large head, and a rather sad-looking girl.

The girl was carrying a long tennis case. Mr. Chapel, who was frequently obliged to forage for balls outside the stop netting owing to the incompetence of his pupil, was particularly short of temper. Though financially he could ill afford to do so, he decided to ignore the couple. They could wait.

"For goodness sake watch the ball, Priscilla," he kept saying irritably, as her wild swings sent it soaring very high and in any direction but that of the net.

But after five minutes of this, during which time the couple did nothing but stand very still, Mr. Chapel changed his mind. He had no wish to be stared at any more in his present predicament.

"Well," he said rudely, as he happened to be picking up a ball on their side of the court, "is it me you are waiting for?"

THE girl nudged her father, jolting him into surprising life.

"Are you Mr. Chapel?" he asked very loudly. "I want you to coach my daughter."

Mr. Chapel would have been even ruder had not the old man then beamed so charmingly as to make further rudeness impossible. Instead, he glanced dubiously at the girl who looked, he noted with some satisfaction, as if she would cheerfully throw herself into a little heap at his feet.

"I see," he said. "I see." And he went to lift a ball by the net which he had missed on his previous forage. He had five balls stacked up like cakes in his large left hand.

"She is a little champion," said the father. "She's only nineteen and I want her to get to Wimbledon."

"Wimbledon? Oh, now, now—we shall have to see about that," said Mr. Chapel.

He was about to deliver his set-piece about ambition being a very good thing, of course, but that on the other hand one should not count one's chickens, etc., when the girl's father spoke again.

"And you must get her there," he said. "I'll pay you—but get her there. She's got it in her. I tell you she's a little champion. I'll pay you, of course, anything you like."

Despite his disgust, Mr. Chapel's eyes glinted. After all, one couldn't look gift horses in the mouth. Yet, he thought, one must be careful.

He decided that certain things must be made clear from the start.

"Of course, my fees are not low," he began. But the man was not listening. He turned to his daughter and ordered her to go and get changed right away.

Mr. Chapel made a rapid survey of the facts. He could, of course, insist on his fees being known beforehand, but on the whole it seemed better not to make too much of the matter at this stage. He decided he'd have to take a risk.

"Very well," he said. He flicked forward his wristwatch with a movement as quick as a lizard's tongue. "I can, as it happens, fit your daughter in for half an hour now, if you wish."

Priscilla was dismissed. While Jennifer Pretty, for that was her name, was changing, Mr. Chapel had to listen to a further monologue from Mr. Pretty. He was a sad little man. He was very rich, he confessed naïvely, but his wife had died some years before, and so he had nobody to spend his money on except Jennifer. He was determined that she should have the best of everything.

Mr. Chapel warmed a bit. He shook his head with a degree of enthusiasm which was rare in him nowadays.

"Very worthy cause. Very worthy cause indeed," he said.

Immediately he got Jennifer on to the court, however, he saw that no amount of coaching would ever bring her up to the standard her father desired.

She had quite presentable style in her shots for her age, and her service could be worked into something—she had obviously been coached by someone who knew what he was doing; but she was a long way from being Wimbledon material.

Naturally he was much too astute to say so. With a word in the right place—and if the girl would work—he'd probably scrape her into the county side, eventually. He complimented her afterwards on her style and read her his usual lecture on consistency and persistence.

He was still talking to her over the net when her father came on to the court and thrust two pound notes into his hand.

"I hope that's enough for half an hour," he said. "I'd like Jennifer to have an hour every day at eleven o'clock. Now, Jennifer, you'd better run off and change or you'll catch cold."

Mr. Chapel was astounded. Two pounds for half an hour! That meant four pounds for the hour—twenty-four pounds a week, or twenty-eight if he worked on Sundays. All his doubts now disappeared. It was unbelievable luck! Carefully handled, this could be his fortune.

It was. Day after day he coached Jennifer, and day after day Mr. Pretty stood behind the hedge, watching with those sad eyes of his. He always paid, on the court afterwards, in cash; four pounds a time.

After a while, however, Mr. Chapel began to grow dissatisfied. The daily lesson became more and more of a burden to him.

He began to feel that four pounds was not really enough for the boredom he had to suffer. He hinted to Jennifer one day that, with the rising cost of living, he might have to consider raising his prices.

To his surprise, Jennifer fell over herself in agreement.

"I'm quite sure my father would be only too delighted," she said. "I know I'm improving so fast with you." And the next day he was paid five pounds.

But even that was not enough. . . .

MR. CHAPEL was a bachelor. He had never been averse to women; it was really principally by means of women, and the respect they had for his powers of organization and his prowess at the game, that he had built up his position in the club. But marriage he had never considered. For one thing, he was too busy. But times change, he told himself.

At the back of his mind lurked the memory of the Curtis Bentleys. Here at last was his opportunity to be even with them. He grew really excited. Mr. Edward might come back to the club when he returned from India. How different things would be then! Where would Mr. Edward be, with all his airs, if he were confronted by someone as well off as he had once been himself?

It proved an easier task than Mr. Chapel had imagined. He began by inviting Jennifer to come to his house in the evenings. "We have reached the stage," he said, "where a little theory is necessary."

There was a slight difficulty at first, for Mr. Pretty always accompanied his daughter on these visits and sat in the room during the lesson. But then, by tactful suggestion to Jennifer, this was rectified. Mr. Pretty brought her in the car and picked her up later.

They began to do rather less theory and talked more. Then one evening Mr. Chapel questioned Jennifer about life.

"Have you ever thought, Jennifer, what you are going to *do* with your life?" he asked.

Jennifer looked surprised. "Do? Why, play at Wimbledon, of course."

"Yes, yes. But, you know, tennis isn't everything. I know how keen your father is about the game, but I'm sure he doesn't mean it to be your only interest."

Jennifer blushed and seemed to be on the point of tears.

Mr. Chapel hurried on. "A young, attractive girl like you ought to have a. . . ." He hesitated. He was going to say "young man," but altered it to "an admirer."

"You mean I ought to be—married," said Jennifer in dismay.

Mr. Chapel snatched his opportunity. "Yes, naturally," he said. "And particularly when such an admirer already exists."

Jennifer then grew extraordinarily excited.

"An admirer!" she gasped. "But who . . . ?"

Mr. Chapel was not such a fool as to press too far too quickly. He would not divulge the man's name, and contented himself with suggesting ways in which Jennifer might make herself more presentable to this secret admirer.

As a result of this advice, which had so suddenly and magnificently left the narrow confines of tennis, Jennifer had her pigtails off, began to use make-up, and bought some clothes which made her look something like her twenty years.

Frequently she begged him to reveal to her the identity of the male shadow which pursued her. She made fantastic suggestions. "Is it the groundsman?" she asked; and once her imagination even fell upon the secretary, Captain Bruce.

At last, about a year after he had first met her, Mr. Chapel considered that the time had come. Characteristically, it was on the tennis court that he told her.

"Today I have a surprise for you," he said. "I am going to tell you the name of your secret admirer." He took a deep breath. "His name is R. B. Chapel. . . ."

They took the largest and most expensive house in the town. They had two cars, three servants, and—this was the touch which gave Mr. Chapel more pleasure than anything—they bought a great dane.

Mr. Chapel continued to spend a good deal of his time at the club, where he took on promising pupils free of charge. But until he had been married nearly three years, there was no sign of Mr. Edward. For some weeks there had been rumours that Mr. Edward was back in England, India having been too much for his health.

People had seen him in his old haunts. But if he still played tennis, he apparently did so elsewhere.

Then, one day, to Mr. Chapel's intense excitement, he renewed his subscription by post.

There was a further delay of several weeks before Mr. Edward actually put in an appearance, but by a stroke of luck Mr. Chapel was in the bar when the visit occurred.

Mr. Edward came in suddenly, alone; no chauffeur, no pekingese. And nobody had seen him arriving.

He was quite changed. Five years in India had thinned him a great deal. His cheek bones stood out and his skin

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A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

A pot full of trouble for Lady Barnett

LADY BARNETT keeps a two and a half acre garden near Leicester—"but a lot of it consists of lawn, rose bed and herbaceous borders, so one dear old man I employ is able to keep it in order." She attends to her potted plants personally. "Why is it that Percy Thrower's cyclamen and potted azaleas flower well for years while mine are never quite the same after their first year?"

PERCY THROWER says:

Whenever people have trouble with their cyclamen I suspect faulty watering. The soil must be soaked right through to the bottom of the pot whenever it feels dry, until the foliage starts to die in April or May. Then stop watering—and don't restart until early July, when the ration of water should be gradually increased. From August feed with a liquid fertilizer.

This should ensure quality flowers for as long as nine years, but whatever you do cyclamen foliage is never so good after the first year although the flowers are more numerous.

Pot azaleas, most of which come from Belgium, grow in moss-peat which absorbs water quickly. Don't water them directly, but stand each pot in a bowl of water for half an hour a week—or twice a week if the room is warm.

From late May to late September it is best to keep the pots in a shady place in the garden, buried in soil to their rims to reduce watering. Feed once a fortnight in the spring and summer with a liquid fertilizer; after the first year top-dress the pots each year with a mixture of soil, peat and sand.

Cyclamen and azaleas should be moved from the windowsill of a room whenever frost threatens.

was slightly yellowish. Only his voice, as lazy and drawling as ever, was the same. He seemed to drag it along behind him as if it were a burden.

Mr. Chapel was the first person he spoke to. "Why, hallo, Chapel," he said, stretching forward his hand.

Mr. Chapel no longer stood up in the bar these days. He sat down like the other members. Noting with annoyance that Mr. Edward still addressed him as "Chapel," he remained seated as he shook hands and politely said "Hallo."

"Still here," went on Mr. Edward, apparently not noticing anything unusual. "Well, well, I don't think the world has changed at all." Nevertheless, he ran his eye over the members present and seemed to weed out the faces he did not know. He greeted the few he did and began a conversation with them from which, as usual, Mr. Chapel was excluded.

With a sense of impending triumph Mr. Chapel waited in trembling silence for his moment.

At last, tiring of the conversation with his old acquaintances, in whom he found apparently little interest now, Mr. Edward turned to him.

"Well, Chapel," he said, "not too old for a 'knock,' are we?"

Mr. Chapel was thrown immediately into a dilemma. He had, of course, made up his mind to refuse. It was the moment he had looked forward to for weeks. But something—the way the question was phrased, Mr. Edward's whole bearing—made him hesitate. Was there not a warmth, something that had never been there before? After all, it might be just an ordinary invitation for a game, from one member to another.

"No, I don't think so," he said neutrally, looking at his watch. "No—I think just a few minutes would be very pleasant."

He was certain he had done the right thing a few minutes later. Mr. Edward made no objection when he produced a box of brand new top quality balls. Mr. Edward had always supplied the balls before. It was clear that a radical change had taken place in their relationship.

Suddenly Mr. Chapel felt a wonderful glow of friendship. For the first time in his life he enjoyed their three sets, as a game. He won after a hard struggle and really enjoyed his victory.

Afterwards they sat on the bank together and smoked two of Mr. Chapel's expensive cigarettes out of his gold cigarette case.

"Not as young as we used to be," said Mr. Edward, who was bathed in sweat.

"As you say, not as young," agreed Mr. Chapel, who was in a similar state. With all the good food he ate nowadays, he was running to fat.

They had a shower and changed together, and finally Mr. Chapel gave Mr. Edward a lift to the station in his car.

"Can't afford to run one these days," said Mr. Edward.

Mr. Chapel's heart swelled with pride. As he parted from the man who, he was now convinced, was after all the greatest friend he ever had, he felt himself to be the happiest man in the world. How his thoughts about money had been vindicated! As he only just stopped himself from saying to Jennifer that evening: "It's money that matters in this world. We're all the same really. It's only money that gets between us. Or rather the lack of it."

Two days later a cheque arrived for fifteen shillings. Ten shillings for the game, the note explained, and it was hoped that five shillings was right for the use of the new balls? THE END

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GARDENS—1

Half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees.

Rudyard Kipling

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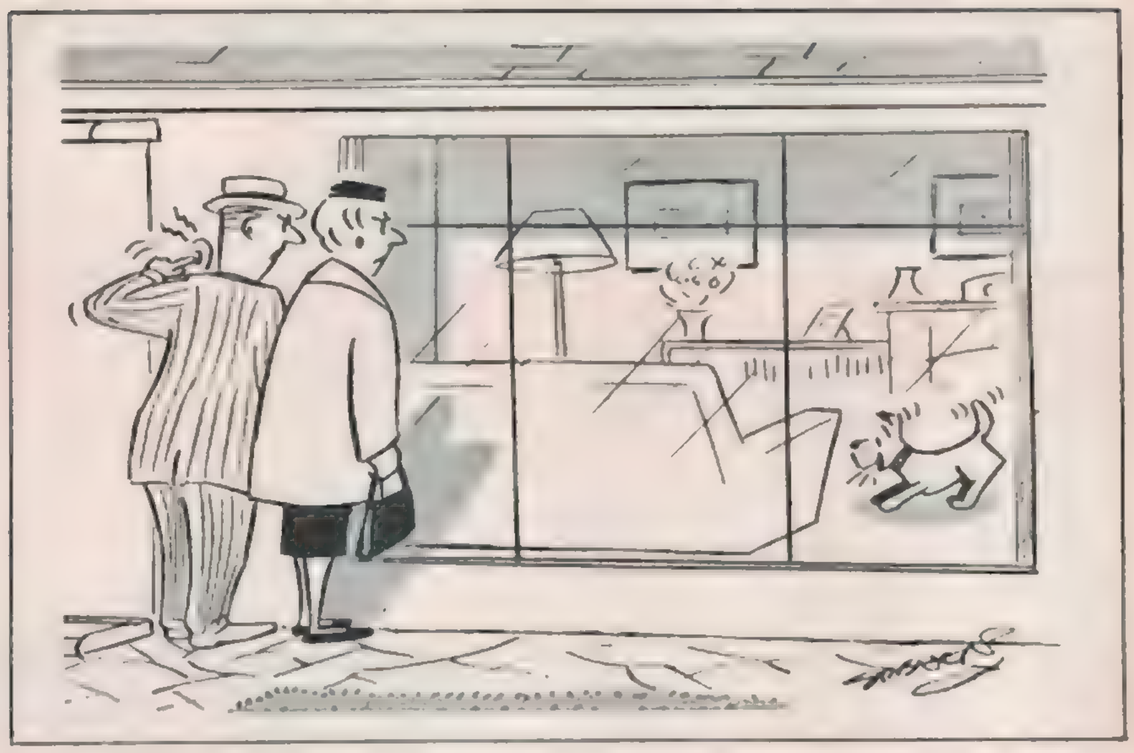

Doctor's Waiting Room

Good evening, Mrs. Clark. I thought you went to old Doctor Robinson?

He wouldn't give me any more medicine. Seemed to think I didn't know what was wrong with me.

I've heard a good many complain about him.

I said to him, "It's not as if I'm trying to get my face lifted on the National Health, like some people. All I want is my bottle."

I hate doctors who think they know best.

How do you find this one?

Sometimes he argues a bit, but he's all right if you handle him properly.

How did you come to choose him?

Well, actually he ran over our cat and he was so terribly nice about it.

I heard he was a bit quick-tempered.

He can be. As a matter of fact, the butcher told me he was that "Doctor A" that was in the papers—you know, the one that got £50 stopped from his money for telling "Mrs. B" to go away and put her head in a bag.

It sounds more like Doctor Robinson.

Of course, if "Mrs. B" was Mrs. Blenkinsop, it would be worth £50.

I suppose it would.

Actually, that's how doctors get patients, my husband says. They insult somebody like Mrs. Blenkinsop and she goes round telling all her friends and they say, "What a shame, dear! Isn't he a beast?" and then when she's gone they say what a good doctor he must be to see through her so quickly.

My goodness, I never knew that.

Did you ever try that new woman doctor —the one that sends herself messages at the cinema on a busy Saturday night?

No, I'm old-fashioned. What I say is, you can't talk to a woman like you can to a man.

E. S. TURNER

Walks Of Life

When walking, children are inclined
To run ahead or lag behind,
To go exploring, take the lead,
Or straggle rearward, weary kneed.
You can, of course, you understand,
By holding children by the hand
Keep side by side, but then the dragging
And tugging's even worse than lagging. . . .
Grown-ups and children, be it known,
Who walk together, walk alone.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Just Published

Beatrice Lillie has been described as the goddess of sly, slick fun, kicking around old favourites and introducing new nonsense in an offhand way as if she had just thought of it. . . . Once, when informed that her temperature had risen to 103, she said, "If it goes up another point, I'll sell."

When a pigeon flew into her room at 55 Park Lane, she inquired innocently, "Any messages?" When in a party attended by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret a nervous waiter dropped tomato soup on to her latest Paris dress she improvised gaily, "Never darken my Dior again."

Champagne and Chandeliers by Robert Graves, published this week by Odhams.

Poodles

Poodles, in spite of clever faces,
Seem proud of their moth-eaten spaces.
Perhaps they know that only tufts
Can bring them within smell of Crufts.
Though doubtless many a poodle catches
Lumbago in those dorsal patches,
Yet as I watch the creatures prance
With so much hauteur in each glance,
It really is not hard to tell
They like to souffrir pour être belle.
How strange but true it is that oodles
Of women so resemble poodles.

B. R. GIBBS

Any Complaints?

I bought this Self-Exerciser on Tuesday and look at me now! The picture shows what it is supposed to turn you into, a man who could push elephants to their knees. Look at his self-confident expression. He's obviously not suffering from a spine like a spiral staircase and a feeling that somebody is working on his kidneys with prongs.

Of course I did everything it told me to. I put Point A where Point A was supposed to go. I screwed Point B to the door. I adjusted the straps to my height and weight. I threaded the cord through the loops. I climbed into the harness. I exerted steady pressure on the spring. Are you following me? Of course I know there's a queue behind. The bigger the audience the better. I may be saving them from being permanently warped anti-clockwise.

The next thing I knew was that I was being bent like a bow. If you ever watch serials on TV you'll know just what I mean. Then The Thing very slowly forced me sideways and downwards and at the same time pressed my head upwards. You notice how oddly I'm looking at you? That is because my neck hasn't contracted again yet. But what really *does* annoy me is that I can't get the darn thing off!

R. G. G. PRICE

Foreign Affairs

Villagers in Nis, Yugoslavia, were plagued by a cat burglar who stole spoons, tablecloths and jugs. One peasant family, awakened in the night by a crash, surprised the thief—a real cat—crawling out of a window with a small alarm clock in its mouth.

An Austrian climbed up a ladder to a prison cell window at Graz to speak to his girl friend, serving time for theft. He got nearer to her than he expected. Warders caught him on the ladder and locked him up in the same jail.

Maurice Friedman, father of five, has enrolled as a law student at Bridgeport University, Connecticut. "At my age it's hard to get a job anywhere," he says. His age? Seventy-eight.

Starke's Guide To Gardening

"A few hens are worth keeping. They are little trouble, but it is important to maintain your fences in good repair"

Craig twisted in his seat, ready to get out. Above the roar of the inferno Sharyn screamed: "You can't! You'll be roasted alive out there"

Sharyn was a city girl—what use was she against the raging fury of the forest flames?

FIRETRAP

by OWEN GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

EVERY two hours for the past week the radio had been repeating the state-wide ban on lighting fires in the open. It had been a week of steadily rising temperatures, following months without rain.

But today was different. The murderous, coppery sun was blotted out by dust—storms of red, penetrating dust, blowing straight out of the lifeless desert of central Australia, borne on an oven-hot northerly gale that blasted the last particles of moisture out of the grass and scrub and left them like crisp, brown tinder.

Behind the lonely little farmhouse near the top of the hill Craig Maltby got stiffly down from the driving seat of the tractor. It was the first time for ten hours that he had been sheltered from the wind, and he stretched his long legs luxuriously.

His face felt as if it had been stripped of skin, and he looked at it in the tractor's mirror. What he saw was nothing like the face that had greeted him that morning in his shaving mirror. He recognized the slightly broken nose, but the black hair and the deep-tanned skin were all masked by a thick layer of red powder.

Sharyn was waiting for him inside, watching through the window. As he opened the door she put up her face to be kissed, and he pecked her lightly on the cheek. "That'll have to do till I'm clean," he said, brushing away a smudge of dust that had come off on her face. "I've been slightly sandblasted."

"I've saved you three buckets of water." Sharyn led the way to the bathroom and bowed him in, indicating with a sweep of her arm the buckets drawn up in a row. "Took me an hour."

"Bad as that, is it?"

"There's only a trickle coming into the well, and that's not too clean. The pump keeps pumping it dry."

Craig shook his head thoughtfully. "I goofed there all right," he said. "There's plenty of water another twenty feet down. Never counted on a summer like this one." He took one of the buckets and tipped half of the water in it into the basin. "How's it been up here?"

"Terrible. All the windows are shut but the grit gets in everywhere. It's in the food, in the clothes, in everything. I just can't keep up with it."

Sharyn was leaning against the door. Craig looked at her as he rubbed his arms with a towel, and an uneasy feeling of guilt came upon him once again. She looked lovely, as always, with her dark hair swept back from her sun-tanned face, and high cheekbones, and eyes that were grave. But she looked desperately tired. She was wearing no make-up except a little lipstick, and her hair was dusty from the day-long, half-won battle against the grit.

This is what she gave up her career for, he thought. *She wasn't born to it like I was.*

It was the same fear that haunted him more and more as the months went by.

Sharyn had been a model when they first met —one of the most sought-after in Sydney. He was a lieutenant-commander in the navy. Theirs had been a whirlwind courtship. They married three months later and Craig resigned his commission and found an office job so that he could be with his bride.

He had never worked in the city before, and he loathed it. Sharyn knew he loathed it; sometimes she had suggested that they find themselves a place in the country and raise chickens and things. But nothing came of it for a little

over a year, and then two things happened. Christopher Maltby was born, and a month later Craig's father died, leaving Craig to decide whether to sell the farm on Mount Opal where he had grown up, or to take it over himself. He decided to take it over.

They had been there five years now, and they hadn't been easy years for Sharyn. The farmhouse had never been modernized, but she had agreed with Craig that priority must go to getting the farm into shape. It had been a mixed farm, but the livestock had been auctioned after the old man's death and Craig decided to develop the fruit instead. There were thirty acres of apples, and this year he had put in a hundred cherry trees.

Sharyn had redecorated the house so that it looked quite modern and cosy. She had mended the roof when it leaked, and humped firewood, and done all the things that farmers' wives do the world over. And all the time Craig knew that she wasn't happy. Not really happy.

They talked about it sometimes, and she joked and said the first thirty years were the worst. Once, not long ago, she had been leafing rather wistfully through a glossy fashion magazine and he asked her if she would like to sell out and go back to Sydney. She said no, but she hadn't met his eye as she had said it.

And now, as he looked at the three buckets that she had spent an hour filling at the dribbling tap, he remembered again her smart little flat overlooking Sydney Harbour, and the uneasy thought came back to him that she might never be able to accept the country as her home.

She was loyal clean through, no doubt about that. She would never complain about it. That was what made it so hard—deciding whether to press on with the farm and hope she would grow to like it, or whether to sell up and make a new start in the city. . . .

Craig finished washing, and sluiced himself down with the second bucket. "Let's forget it for tonight," he said. "Look, I've saved you a bucket of water. The wind will drop before long, and I'll give you a hand cleaning up the house."

He was right. The wind died away as darkness fell. Later, as they lay in bed, too hot for sleep, they listened to the bedside radio softly recounting the day's events. Six separate bush fires were ravaging the state, three of them out of control. The fire risk, it said, had never been so high.

The announcer gave way to music, and Sharyn snapped it off. "Any of those fires near here?" she asked.

"Not yet," Craig said. "But in this weather they can break out anywhere. "Don't worry. It's not so bad now the wind's dropped."

"Did you finish the firebreak?"

"Mostly. I cleared a break around the apples. Tomorrow I'll clear some strips between the trees; then if a fire jumps the break it may stay in one patch."

"What about the cherries?"

"Got to take a chance with them. I'm concentrating on the apples. If we lost the cherries it wouldn't break us—they only went in this year."

THEY fell silent, but both of them were still a long way from sleep. They lay like that for perhaps five minutes, drifting with their own thoughts. Then Craig spoke softly, almost as if he were thinking aloud.

"Would you like to pack it all up and go back to Sydney?" he asked. "If we sold Mount Opal we'd have enough to start a business."

She was off guard, caught unawares in the mood of candid revelation that sometimes comes to two people talking in the dark.

"I'm not ready to give up yet," she answered slowly. "I won't pretend I haven't longed to, sometimes. You've known, Craig, although I've tried not to show it." It was the first time she had spoken her secret thoughts about it, and she groped for the words. "We're probably over the worst. If I made you give up now I'd always be haunted. Haunted for what I'd done to your life, and to Christopher's, when if I'd held on for a little longer. . . ." Her voice tailed off. "Do you see what I'm trying to say?"

"I see, darling." He was glad she had put it into words, though it hadn't solved anything. "Tell you what—why don't you run down to Elaine's for a week or so and get out of the heat?" Elaine was Craig's sister, and she had a house at the beach where Christopher had been staying since the hot weather had begun.

Before Sharyn could reply they were both asleep, and in the morning the wind with its terrible abrasive dust had died completely. Now the air was still and heavy, charged with oily vapour sucked by the hot sun out of the gum trees that covered the hillside above and below the house. Eucalyptus it was, and resin, and many other odours, making the air so pungent that it was almost an effort to breathe.

Craig went on with the firebreaks, and Sharyn cleaned the house from end to end. In the evening Craig came home, and sniffed uneasily at the aromatic air that hung around them like an invisible blanket. Away to the north a tower of smoke hung, mushrooming at the top like the cloud of an atom bomb.

Craig was restless. He turned the radio up and waited impatiently while the announcer recounted the day's happenings in Washington and Moscow, and finally came to the state news. It wasn't reassuring. Two bush fires were out, three more had started. One of them, the announcer said, was advancing on a ten-mile front through thickly wooded country along the Western Ranges. Firefighting was hindered by lack of water, and several homesteads were in danger.

"Meaning us?" Sharyn asked quietly.

"Could be." Craig walked over to the window and looked towards the distant pillar of smoke. "It could go anywhere now."

"Surely now that the wind's dropped they'll be able to put it out?"

"I hope so. If it gets over here while it's like this. . . ." He broke off and turned to Sharyn. "It's this heavy atmosphere that I don't like, this eucalyptus in the air. It'll hang in the valley till there's a breeze." He looked anxiously around the horizon. "If the concentration gets strong enough it can burn, they say. I've never seen it happen, but there's never been a summer like this one since I've been here."

"How do you mean, it can burn?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. I believe the fire sort of jumps through the air and starts new fires hundreds of yards apart."

She joined him at the window and they looked down the valley. In the gathering dusk the gum trees were a deep blue-green shadow all round their orchards. Away towards the horizon the smoke was merging into the night, and now the base of the cloud was reflecting a dull red glow.

"If it comes this way we'll certainly have a grandstand view," Sharyn remarked. She felt for Craig's hand, and he knew that she was a little bit afraid.

The breeze didn't come that night, and it didn't come next morning. The radio triumphantly announced that yesterday had been the hottest day in the state's history and that today was expected to be hotter. The odour of the gums filled the house and the outdoors until breathing became an exertion and every mouthful of food and water tasted of eucalyptus. And the tower of smoke still hung over the ranges, not much nearer but higher, still capped with the familiar grey mushroom.

Craig was off with the tractor very early, trying to get in some more work on the firebreak before the sun grew too oppressive. Sharyn got the house straight—with Christopher away there wasn't nearly so much to do—and wandered down to the yard.

A little flake of ash landed on her face, and she brushed it off. There seemed to be quite a lot of ash now, floating, suspended in the air.

Suddenly she was alert. Craig was shouting her name. She listened again. He was up at the house. She turned and shouted back. "Yes, here I am."

"Sharyn—have you seen the fire?"

"No—where is it?"

"Come and see." He led the way to the house. "Either it's travelling at a terrific speed, or it's a new one."

"Where's the tractor? I didn't hear you come back."

"No. As soon as I saw the fire I put the tractor in the middle of a ploughed patch and left it. It'll be safe there."

He opened the door for her, and together they went through to the window that looked out over the valley.

"It's moved down even in the last few minutes," he said softly.

They stood silent, watching the fire. Across the valley, less than a mile away, a huge oblong screen of brown-grey smoke hung across the sky. The bottom fringe was a wide, dancing crescent of flame, lower in the middle than on the sides. They watched it flare up, now in one spot, now in another, as the dried-up trees fell victim and were swallowed up and charred into ugly black stumps.

Now they could hear the roar of the flames, the crackle of burning brushwood. Slowly, slowly, the fire crept down the hill. And then it sprang. With a noise that rattled the windows a tongue of yellow flame leaped down almost to the foot of the valley, licking over the bushy tops of the trees, setting a dozen torches flaring, cutting off great islands of blue-green gums and scrub. At the dried-up creek bed the advance was checked, but Craig knew it wouldn't halt there long.

He made a conscious effort to think. His brain raced through the dangers, the possibilities, the risks and the rewards. Get down the road to the plains before the fire cut them off? Or stay and fight for the house? With no water—not even enough to soak a blanket to hide under as the flames came past?

He knew Sharyn was looking up at him, waiting for him to decide. A blast of hot air hit them, and then the fire was over the creek bed and raging up the hill towards them.

At once Craig's decision was made. "Make sure all the windows are shut," he said. "Then grab what you can—clothes and that. I'll get the car."

He hurled himself out and ran down to the shed. By the time he was back with the car Sharyn had dropped an armful of clothes outside the door and gone back for more.

For several minutes they worked madly, cramming the car with a confused pile of clothing, blankets, linen and books.

By now the hot wind from the furnace below them was moaning up the gully, carrying over their heads a flurry of sparks and burning fragments which rained about and pattered on the iron roof of the house.

Craig took one swift last look. There was nothing more to be done. As the car lurched down to the gate that led to the road they both saw flames licking along the edge of the roof, playing round the ends of the wooden rafters as the accumulation of dry leaves in the gutter flared up. Then they turned on to the road and the high lantana hedge shut out their view.

"There goes the house, I think." Sharyn could not hide the tremor in her voice, and Craig reached over and rested his hand on hers.

FOR all the days of warning, disaster had engulfed them with paralysing suddenness. But out on the smoke-filled road there was still a moment of time to mourn their home. It was more than a home; it was a symbol, a symbol of their joint enterprise. It stood for a lot that Craig knew he had taken for granted until that moment: things he would miss: things they would both miss: and—he faced the thought squarely—things that Sharyn wouldn't miss at all.

A blast of scorched, bitter-tasting air hit them round the first bend, sweeping away thoughts of what was past. Craig frowned with concentration, peering through the folds of blue haze that rolled across the road. He said: "We've left it a bit late—this may be a bit unpleasant."

He tried to gauge how fast the fire was spreading. He knew every yard of the road, pictured every curve as it wound down the hill through the heavily wooded slopes. The feathery tops of the gums nearly met over their heads—the fire would jump the road as easily as they had seen it jump the dry creek. It would be a lot healthier to be down in the plains before that happened.

Craig leaned over the wheel, driving as fast as he dared, braking sharply every time they entered another pocket of smoke. His eyes were smarting and his throat was dry and tickling. Beside him Sharyn sat absolutely still, staring ahead, saying nothing.

They were half-way down when the fire hit them. First it was a shower of sparks and burning wisps, and then a great gust of sulphurous, superheated gases, rank and searing like a blast from hell itself. Nearly blinded by the heat, Craig slammed the window shut and stepped on the brake as the engine, starved of oxygen, coughed and died. He swore aloud, wiping his watering eyes with the back of one hand, feeling for the starter with the other. The engine spun, and choked, and died again, and the car came to rest.

And then the fire was on top of them. First to go were the bushy tops of the

The author says: "Tragedy scars the outback"

OWEN GRAY, the author of this story, *Firetrap*, emigrated to South Australia with his wife and two children in 1952. He soon found that the dangers facing settlers living in lonely homesteads gave him ideal material for short stories. "There was tragedy after tragedy in the old days," he says. "Distant corners of the outback are still dotted with the graves of early settlers. Aborigines sent to fetch doctors to dying patients used to carry the messages in cleft sticks because they were frightened of 'written magic.' If the letter as much as touched them they would throw it away and disappear into the bush."

By the time he was twenty-two, Gray had had ten jobs, including schoolteaching and partnering in a Soho night club. "I tried journalism but gave it up in favour of eating. I suppose my greatest achievement was to settle down and qualify as an accountant *after* our two children had arrived," says Gray, who is now South Australian manager to a British firm making electronic computors.

"I write short stories for relaxation—and to help to pay for my efforts to modernize the old house we have taken just outside Adelaide. . . ."

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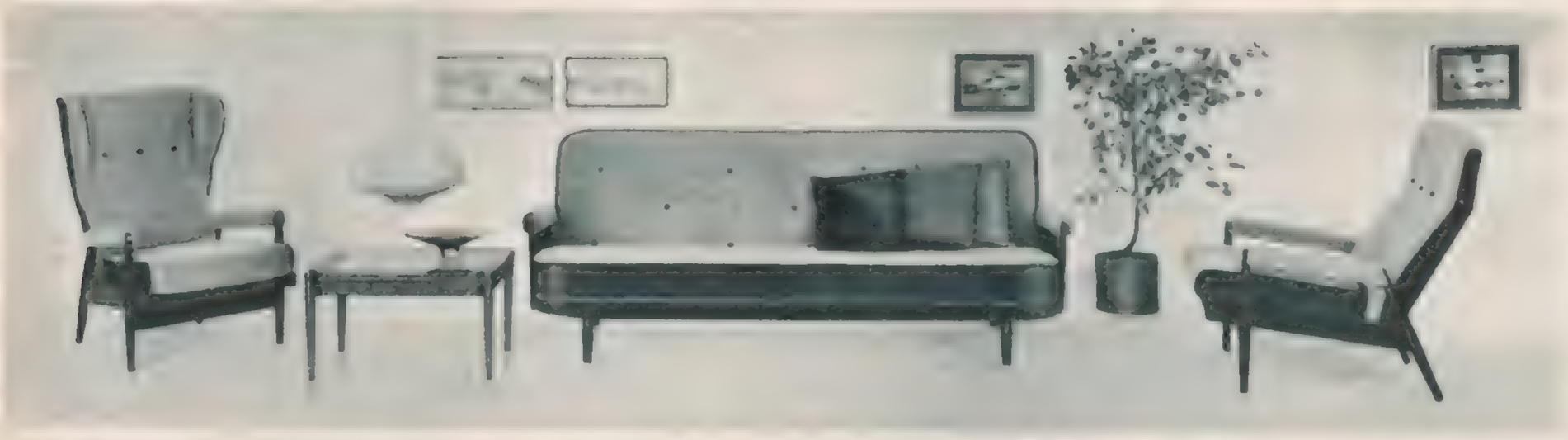

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Picture 1: New PUT-U-UP Studio Couch '22' makes a double bed, from £32 10.6. Single bed Couches too. Matching Chair 217 from £18.15.0. Wing Chair 218 from £20.15.0. Table, £8.8.0. **Picture 2:** G & T Mahogany Line's new, larger Sideboard, £39.10.0 and Carver Chair, from £9.9.0. Also extending Dining Table, £29.19.6. Stick-Back Chairs from £7.10.0 each. Bookcase/Cupboard, £15.12.6. (*Some prices slightly higher in Scotland*)

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gums above them, bursting into brilliant flame like carnival torches. The car quivered with the force of the draught as the heat sucked the air through the undergrowth like gigantic bellows that kindled sparks into fire, and flickering flame into all-consuming blaze.

Within seconds the road had become a black channel between walls of red fire. Inside the car the heat was unbearable. The paintwork on the doors began to crack and blister. Desperately Craig spun the engine again and again, but there was no life in it—the fire was taking too much oxygen out of the air.

He turned to Sharyn. She was gasping and choking, and he knew she couldn't hold on much longer. He shouted above the roar of the inferno: "You steer. I'm going to push. Ten yards, then we're on the hill. We'll roll the rest."

He twisted in his seat ready to get out but she grabbed his sleeve. "You can't!" she screamed. "You'll be roasted alive out there. Look."

He looked at the road. The asphalt at the sides was simmering. Treacly black bubbles formed and slowly burst on its surface, and little tongues of flame twinkled over it like quicksilver. The very road under them was on fire.

"The starter!" Sharyn choked. "The starter! Get out with the starter!"

Craig peered at her blankly for a moment through the dense air. Then he understood. He slammed the car into bottom gear and pulled on the starter and hung on. The car jerked and began to move, terribly slowly, inching over the melting road.

Slower and slower they went as the overworked battery ground out its heart. Agonizingly they trembled on the edge of the slope: and then they were over, rolling down, out of the fire, into the wasteland of grey ash and blackened stumps where the fire had passed through: wasteland—but there was air to breathe and the engine was running again, and the breeze was blowing away the smoke.

Craig leaned back and took a very deep breath. His heart was full—full of elation, of sadness, of humility, of pride. It was a moment before he could trust his voice.

"This is one of those moments when I'm extra glad you married me," he said huskily.

A mile farther on they stopped and looked back. The head of the fire was up near the top of the hill now, but the valley was still full of blue haze, eddying and curling. The apples were all right—the firebreak had saved them. The cherries appeared to have gone.

Smoke still shrouded the house. Just once it cleared for a moment, and they could see that the roof had fallen in, and that flames were forking lazily from the blackened windows.

Craig felt drained of all feeling, sick with reaction. Sharyn was watching him, and for her sake he made an effort.

"Looks like that solves our problem, darling," he said wryly. "Nothing to keep us in the country now."

"But the apples—you saved them!"

He nodded wearily. "Yes," he agreed. "They'll sell. With that and the insurance on the house, we should get a start in Sydney."

She turned to face him squarely. "D'you think I'd walk out now?" she asked, almost fiercely. "I've only just begun to realize what Mount Opal means to me—to us." She clutched at his hand. "Darling, if you want to go to Sydney you'll have to go alone."

"But I thought. . . ."

Sharyn shook her head. "Fire doesn't just burn, Craig. Sometimes it refines things too. I know what I want, now, for the very first time. I want to live at Mount Opal." Her eyes had a dreamy, faraway look. "Those blackened gums aren't dead—they'll be green again next year. Our house will grow again too—a new house. With big windows looking out over our valley. And a proper bathroom."

Craig looked at her for a long time. When she began to smile he bent forward quickly and kissed her. Then he started the engine, and they drove on to see their son. THE END

© *Owen Gray, 1958*

"Turn me back on it for 'arf a minute and out comes me cards and two weeks' pay"

'I'm the Chancellor with an L-plate'

Continued from page 12

by about fifty Members of Parliament, he remarked: "I have never spoken to so many M.P.s before." It was almost true.

The myth has grown that he is a farmer. In fact, he has been an industrialist and a merchant banker, but has never done any farming. When he took over the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries from the resigning Sir Thomas Dugdale at the climax of the Crichel Down affair, he protested, in vain, that he knew little about agriculture. Everyone took this as a charming manifestation of his incurable humility and modesty.

"Agriculture—chips; fisheries—fish. I control the staple diet of the British," said Amory with a giggle.

Early last year, when Macmillan was forming his Cabinet, he invited Amory to take the presidency of the Board of Trade. To his astonishment, Amory declined, and said that he would rather stay where he was. "That's where my duty lies," he said, and nobody thought him priggish.

"Duty" is a word which drops easily and naturally from Amory's lips. He likes his friends to believe that success has come upon him unbidden, and that he entered Parliament only as a sop to his family's tradition of public service, intending to serve a token period of ten years or so, then return to a country life of hunting and cricket. "I'd give anything to be back home," is a favourite remark of his. Chance, he implies, has had its way with him, whirling him, always protesting, but always upwards.

"By love, not by violence," is his family's motto.

"Seems to be the way to do it these days," commented one of his Cabinet colleagues when his appointment to the Treasury was announced.

In fact, the motto (Latin: *Amore Non Vi*) was adopted, as a concession to the snobs of Devonshire when Queen Victoria conferred a baronetcy on Amory's grandfather John Amory, M.P., in 1874. With the title, the family took by Royal licence the additional name of Heathcoat.

For generations, the family had manufactured lace and silks near Tiverton, and when the lace business waned they shrewdly added textiles to their output. Amory, as brother and heir-presumptive to the third baronet, Sir John Heathcoat-Amory (he uses the hyphen; the Chancellor does not) helped to introduce profit sharing at the factory. He mixed freely with the workers, but still kept them at a respectful distance. The men liked his attitude and rarely presumed on his friendliness, always addressing him as "Mr. Derick."

Amory still leaves no doubt who is boss, and likes people to stand up when he enters a room; he waves them down with a murmured "Don't bother . . ."

As Joint Master of the Tiverton Foxhounds he was a fearless—some said reckless—rider to hounds. Occasionally, hunt members complained that he was a bit too tough in the field, often giving some follower the rough side of his tongue. "Seems to think he's leading a cavalry charge," complained one of them. But this was a side of Amory's character which was seldom seen. Mostly he remained inconspicuous. At Eton he had been described as the sort of boy that bigger boys defended instead of bullying, and gained some fame as an expert toaster of muffins. "He tries" was a standard school report on him.

He was too young for the first World War. "I seem just to miss everything," he once grumbled. "Born in 1899, just miss the century. Born on Boxing Day, just miss Christmas. Suppose I shall go through life like that."

By the time he was thirty-three he had followed the family tradition and been elected to the Devon County Council. Rather reluctantly he became a county commissioner in the Boy Scout movement, which he had joined at an early age. Hiking across Devon's broad acres in shorts and with cockaded Scout's hat set precisely level on his head, he soon became a familiar figure, tunelessly bellowing Scout songs as he led his noisy group of boys.

"I can still tie a pretty good knot," he told a senior Treasury official soon after becoming Chancellor.

"Now you'll have to untie some pretty good knots," was the dry reply.

"Ah, yes. And I was never so hot at that," said Amory.

He served in the Royal Artillery during the last war and was in the thick of the bloody fighting at Salerno in Italy. During one tough battle he went round gently but insistently raising hell because his men had not had their jam ration. When his complaint was satisfied he reported to the medical officer to have a wound bandaged.

"First things first," he said to the M.O. who upbraided him for not having his injury attended to sooner.

Later, in a diffident sort of way, he volunteered (at forty-four) to parachute down on to Arnhem. He was severely wounded and taken prisoner. "Didn't enjoy it," he said afterwards. "But it could have been worse. Might have been maimed, for instance."

His physical courage is unquestioned. A few years ago, when he was Minister of State at the Board of Trade, he was invited to the Argentine. During a visit to one ranch, he was challenged to ride a bucking bronco. He had broken his pelvis in a previous accident, but he accepted without hesitation, and survived his few seconds' ride without broken bones. "Interesting," he said afterwards, mopping a bleeding nose.

But his first entry into the House of Commons as Chancellor was not noteworthy. He crept in, almost bent double, as though anxious not to be noticed. There was a cheer from the Government benches, but it had an ominously ironical ring to it. Tactfully, the Tory Party managers hinted to Amory that he might be overdoing his modesty, and advised him to go for a little more limelight.

"Very well," he said. "I'll try."

Sailing into a public meeting, he astonished his audience, mainly of women, by exhorting them to "throw their weight about" if shopkeepers offered shoddy or too-expensive goods. Surprisingly he found himself in demand as a speaker—and women's organizations were among the most clamorous.

"The poor, neglected bachelor stunt," exclaimed one M.P., derisively. "It never fails with women. Wear a baggy suit. Let it be known that you do your own washing up after a tiring day at the office—and you're there."

In spite of such successes, the Amory modesty dies hard. "I'm the Chancellor with an L-plate on his back," he remarked recently. But a subtle change has come over him since his elevation to the Treasury. His answers to critics, though still suave, have a cutting edge. To one questioner, he retorted, with a suggestion of a snarl: "The Treasury does not make excuses; it gives reasons."

One of his first acts as Chancellor was to summon a meeting of the senior Cabinet members who form the budget committee, and propose cuts in almost all departmental estimates, some of them more severe cuts than Thorneycroft had been trying to insist upon. Then he clapped sixpence on the national insurance stamp. "Keep a sense of proportion," he rebuked his critics. "It's only sixpence a week—the price of two cigarettes."

One thing Amory has never been known to discuss is his own political future. The nearest he got to it was when he was chatting with some of his supporters at the end of a meeting, and a gushing woman admirer elbowed her way up to him to say how much she hoped he would end up as the occupant of No. 10 Downing Street. Amory blushed and pulled at his lower lip for a moment. Then, with a twinkle of his eye, he replied evasively: "Well, you know, Lord Palmerston [Prime Minister 1855-58] was also the Member for Tiverton." THE END

GARDENS—2

What a man needs in gardening is a cast-iron back with a hinge in it.

Charles Dudley Warner

By placid rivers and on turbulent seas they aim to land the fish of their dreams. And the dreams often come true—on the journey home

Holiday for liars

by ROBERT HOLLES

After a day's sea fishing Norton-Bracy (left) weighs his catch. To find his clients good holiday sport he explores fishing grounds from Ireland to the Arctic

FROM the bows of a small boat riding the water above a sunken wreck, Sydney Norton-Bracy watched an angler bring in a large conger eel off Hastings last year. Satisfied that the man was experienced enough to deal with the catch, Norton-Bracy turned away. Seconds later he heard a shout.

"It sounded like the cry of someone wounded in action," he says. "The eel had the angler's hand in its mouth and was twisting its body with tremendous force."

Norton-Bracy picked up a knife, jumped forward to grasp the eel, and quickly slit down its body from the corner of the mouth. "It was the only way to open its jaws. When conger eels fasten on to anything they never let go."

The angler escaped with badly lacerated fingers. "Congers are the greatest fighters in sea fishing," Norton-Bracy says, "and the most vicious fish when they have been landed."

An expert angler with experience of fishing in most parts of the world, Norton-Bracy heads a firm called Angling Holidays. "Our ambition," he says, "is to provide the best possible fishing for people of limited means."

A fortnight's holiday in Eire, arranged by the firm, costs £25; a week's sharking from Looe in Cornwall £23.

Special arrangements can be expensive: one man last year went to Spitzbergen for polar bear shooting and salmon fishing. His holiday cost £650—and he shot two bears. More popular are the sea-and-game-fishing grounds of Norway and Denmark, while coarse fishermen usually choose the lakes and rivers of Eire. "Most of the Irish fishing grounds haven't been exploited since before the war," says Norton-Bracy. "Many of them have never had a line in at all."

Most applicants for salmon and trout fishing holidays are retired army and naval officers and business men. Norton-Bracy finds that sea fishing attracts a wide variety of people—United States airmen, large numbers of doctors and dentists, and whole families of people who have never handled a rod before. His largest potential clientele comes from the three million members of coarse fishing clubs located mainly in the Midlands and north, but few of these anglers are interested in sea fishing. "Their ambition is to catch a larger roach, perch, rudd, bream or pike than they have ever dreamed of."

At Bailieborough, County Cavan, Norton-Bracy was surprised to see one of his party land a fine 3½-lb. trout, stun it, and throw it angrily into the bushes. "That's vermin," said the angler. "I'm fishing for bream."

Much of Norton-Bracy's time is spent travelling between fishing grounds to investigate the local amenities for anglers and the fishing prospects. "I never recommend any water which I haven't tried myself." While testing the game-fishing facilities at Lough Conn, County Mayo, last year, he met a group of men from the Irish Fisheries Board who were netting the lake for pike which had been preying upon the preserves. He watched them bring in a 44-lb. specimen. As they were about to kill the fish, Norton-Bracy intervened and persuaded them to put the pike into a small lake nearby, from which it could later be transferred to a coarse fishing water.

"Immediately it entered the lake, the pike regurgitated a seventeen-pound salmon. After that there was nothing I could do to save it."

AN Irish poacher told Norton-Bracy of a small lake near Bailieborough where the fish were "literally crowding up on the shore." A little sceptically, he went out to test it. "I put down ground bait in the morning and fished it the same evening." He caught more than sixty bream weighing up to 8 lb. each in a few hours.

He selects the most suitable fishing grounds for his clients, arranges transport and accommodation and gives advice on the angling and social facilities. "We try to organize people into parties," he says. "They get to know each other on the way out, and compare stories on the way back."

At the fishing centres local agents—all of them experienced anglers—meet the parties on arrival, conduct them to the hotels, guest houses, or private accommodation booked by Norton-Bracy, and organize supplies of tackle and transport to and from the fishing grounds.

Of the firm's 1,400 clients in 1957, seven out of ten required individual attention. "I never send a man with a wooden leg to a spot where the banks are soft," says Norton-Bracy. A miner asked him for a £15 holiday in Iceland, saying: "I don't mind living in an igloo." One woman who was a cripple asked to be accommodated near an Irish lake, in a caravan, so that she could fish from a wheelchair. "I had a caravan towed to the spot and arranged for her £2,000 car to be shipped across," says Norton-Bracy, "but soon afterwards she wrote to say she couldn't afford a holiday."

On the evening before thirty-two anglers were due to fly to Eire, Norton-Bracy had a message cancelling their accommodation. "I managed to get them fixed up elsewhere and travelled to Birmingham the same night to explain the position." He arrived during a violent thunderstorm. "When I went to see them off at the airport we passed a number of stretcher cases from an airliner which had crashed. None of my party had flown before; getting them into the plane and keeping them there until the take-off will remain one of my life's achievements."

In 1956 Norton-Bracy made an extensive tour of Ireland, seeking new fishing grounds and visiting his clients at nine fishing centres where his efforts to improve conditions met a ready response from the local population. When it was learned that he had been unable to hire any privately owned boats for fishing expeditions, the people of Mullingar formed a boat-building club and provided eighteen boats within a few months. At Carrick-on-Shannon the local authorities arranged river trips for the anglers' wives and families, and even engaged a cookery expert to hold classes and demonstrations.

At some of the more remote Irish fishing grounds, Norton-Bracy admits, it is not always prudent for anglers to take their wives. "The true angler lives for nothing else but

his fishing while on holiday," he says, "but the wives often become restless when there is very little other entertainment." Women anglers form a small minority of his custom, but he considers their approach more realistic: "If they catch a big fish they don't get excited."

Last summer he led a series of successful sharking expeditions off the Irish coast, where sharks have appeared increasingly during recent years.

On a trip off Looe, an angler landed a large female blue shark which produced seventeen pups in the boat—"something of a record." Another shark, weighing 32 lb., was caught by a Yorkshireman who obstinately insisted on using his pike rod and line. Sharks are seldom preserved owing to the £1 per pound cost of taxidermy.

One member of Norton-Bracy's sharking crew, the proprietor of a public house in the Old Kent Road, landed a seventy-two pounder, and invited Norton-Bracy to London to celebrate. Strapped to the roof of the publican's car, the shark caused a traffic jam in the City when a bus driver left his cab to examine it.

Later, displayed in the bar, the shark aroused great interest in the neighbourhood. The next morning, Norton-Bracy's companion spent a long time on the telephone trying to convince an official of the local council that he wanted to dispose of a shark rather urgently. Eventually the official agreed to remove it, but the council told the owner not to bring any more sharks to London.

A great deal of inconvenience was caused by two boys aged fourteen and fifteen during one of Norton-Bracy's expeditions from Fowey. They cut boats adrift in the harbour, broke Norton-Bracy's sharking rod, drank a stock of beer belonging to a party of American airmen, and burned a large hole in a pair of trousers belonging to one of the anglers. The only person aboard who seemed unconcerned was the boys' father.

"When they began setting off fireworks in a petrol-driven launch I decided it was time for their holiday to end," says Norton-Bracy. "Fortunately they left before daylight next morning. . . ."

Norton-Bracy first developed his passion for fishing as a boy in Lincolnshire. Service in the merchant navy from the age of fourteen gave him the opportunity to fish in various parts of the world.

In 1926 a chance encounter with Zane Grey, the author and deep-sea fisherman, who was on a fishing trip to New Zealand, filled Norton-Bracy with a zest for hunting the largest kinds of fish. A few years later, while working in films in America, he fished extensively off the coast of California.

He admits that anglers have a capacity for exaggeration. "Very few of us have never had the one that got away, but to catch fish consistently it's essential to work hard. Lots of unsuccessful anglers don't trouble to conceal themselves, and are too concerned about their comfort.

He once offered a free holiday to a professional photographer who was an experienced angler, in return for a pictorial record of the trip. "I wanted him to record a typical holiday," says Norton-Bracy. "I sent him off fully equipped to the best-stocked stretch of water in Ireland. He never had so much as a bite."

Norton-Bracy thinks barracuda fishing is the most exciting in the world; nearer home, he gives pride of place to conger eels.

One of his clients returning from a holiday at Hastings took with him a sack containing a 25-lb. conger, caught the previous day. His journey took him through London on a Sunday evening when the Underground system was crowded with returning holidaymakers.

"At the top of an escalator in Charing Cross Station," says Norton-Bracy, "the eel slipped out of the sack. It writhed and slithered to the bottom, causing general pandemonium among the people coming up. The police arrived on the scene, and the angler was lucky to get away without being charged with obstruction." THE END

HORSA DAN TO CUDRED BASE. GOING OUT TO SHELVIN FARM, BARHAM.

OVER.... CUDRED BASE TO HORSA

The baby born in a blizzard

by RENÉ LECLER

Audrey Scott with her new-born baby girl. "I bet they'll call her Snow White," said Evans

IT was shortly after midnight on January 22 when the first blizzard of the winter hit Kent. Within half an hour the temperature dropped from thirty-four degrees to twenty-seven; the snow, whipped up by a violent southerly wind, came scudding over the cliffs of Dover and settled in great drifts across the bare inland hills.

Inside the duty room of Canterbury's ambulance station it was snug and warm. Arthur Miles, a short, quiet ambulance man of thirty-eight, sat at the controls of the two-way radio linking the station to seven others in East Kent. His driver, Sydney Evans, brewed tea over a gas ring.

At eleven minutes past two the telephone rang. Miles answered it and took notes. Evans turned down the gas. "Woman's having a baby at Shelvin Farm, out near Barham," said Miles as he put the phone down. "We'd better get going." Glancing at the wall map, Evans remarked: "Just our luck. It's on the edge of our beat, eight miles from here. What are the roads like?"

Police reports showed that nothing could move in the whole of East Kent. Dover ambulance station reported that the road between Dover and Canterbury was blocked by drifts and abandoned cars on the notorious Lydden Hill.

At 2.20 a.m. Miles called the wireless control centre at Broadstairs: "Horsa Dan to Cudred Base. Horsa Dan to Cudred Base. Going out to Shelvin Farm, Barham. Maternity case. Name of Mrs. Scott. Over."

Broadstairs replied: "Cudred Base to Horsa Dan. And the best of luck to you. Keep in touch."

At Shelvin Farm, which was almost buried in deep snowdrifts, George Scott helped his wife Audrey into bed. A quiet, twenty-two year old Northumberland girl, she was deeply anxious and wished that her mother was near. Her pains were getting worse. It was her first baby.

Outside the Canterbury station Evans freed his ambulance with a shovel and climbed into the cab. The snow came at him in blinding white maelstroms. "I bet if it's a girl they'll call her Snow White," he shouted to Miles.

They drove off. The main Canterbury-Dover road was under thirty inches of snow. In bottom gear, Evans drove gingerly down Bridge Hill, then revved up gently to climb the next slope. The ambulance slewed round viciously, but held. The headlights, covered with frozen snow, were useless.

Half-way up the hill a large white form loomed up ahead. "Hang on," Evans shouted. "It's a car left right in the middle of the road. We'll have to chance the drift."

He swung right and the ambulance ploughed into the soft white mass of snow. For a second Evans's vision was cut to nothing. The windscreen wipers stopped working. Then the groaning engine slowly pushed the ambulance through.

Twice more Evans avoided abandoned cars at the last minute. Twice more the snow hit the front of the vehicle, sending shudders right through its body.

Without slowing down, Evans made a rough right turn into Dumper Hill, a small lane leading down from the hills into the steep Barham valley. The ambulance slithered downwards into a swirling white world. Evans says: "It

MATERNITY CASE. NAME OF MRS. SCOTT.

DAN. AND THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU. KEEP IN TOUCH.

looked like a bobsleigh run with the steep bank winding around and down the hill."

With the engine in bottom gear, going down was easy. At the bottom of the hill Evans stepped on the accelerator. The ambulance shuddered, swung round tail first and ran softly, silently into a high drift.

Evans opened the door of the cab and jumped out—and disappeared up to his shoulders. Miles pulled him back aboard and with half-frozen hands Evans reported over the radio: "Horsa Dan to Cudred Base. Bottom of Dumper Hill, in five feet of snow. Hang on and we'll let you know the next instalment."

He switched off his engine. The two men climbed out. Miles, who is five feet three, had snow up to his neck. The wind howled over the bare bowl of the valley. It was bitterly cold, with sheets of snow settling on the hills.

Evans called Broadstairs: "Horsa Dan to Cudred Base. Better get us a snowplough. Quick." A few minutes later Broadstairs replied: "No answer from the Kent County Council." Evans shouted: "Try again. It's bloody cold out here and we can't move an inch."

Standing on the running board of the ambulance and shielding his face from the snow, Miles looked over the valley. Across the fields, perhaps a mile away, a tiny light flickered over the snow. He told Evans: "That must be the farm. Who else would have a light on? You stay here and dig. I'll take the maternity pack and try to get across."

As Miles left, Evans switched on the ambulance's swivel light and trained it in the direction of the light in the fields. It was 3.30 a.m. The temperature had dropped another four degrees. Miles wore a raincoat, gumboots and gloves, but no scarf or cap. Very soon the front of his coat became stiff. Most of the time he was up to his waist in snow.

Once, as Evans trained the light on him across the first field, he lost Miles completely. Miles says: "It was a hole, about six feet deep. I got up quickly and for a second I went off in the wrong direction. Then I looked at the two lights, the one that I hoped came from Shelvin Farm and the searchlight, and I said to myself: 'All I have to do is to keep in that straight line.' "

There was no sky and no earth, only a drifting, biting mass of cold. He could not feel the ground. Three times more he slithered into deep troughs in the snow. Twice he climbed barbed wire fences. His gloves began to stiffen and his feet were numb. . . .

THE light was nearer now, but he still could not see the buildings. He fell again . . . and when he got up he saw the cottage door six feet away from him. He pounded on it with both hands and it opened. George Scott, the prospective father, stood in the light.

Says Scott: "The man looked like a ghost. His coat was frozen, his hair matted with ice, and he kept blinking as the frozen snow melted on his face."

Without a word, Miles stepped into the warm glow of the fire in the back room of the farm cottage. His coat dropped off him. He took his gumboots off and emptied their icy contents into the coal scuttle.

In the room was the Scotts' next-door neighbour, Mrs. Clementine Mullett. Standing in his socks, Miles asked her: "How is she?"

"Audrey is upstairs," she replied. "The pains have started all right. . . . I think it's near. Have you delivered babies before?"

Miles lied bravely, "Lots of them." Turning to Scott, he said: "The ambulance is stuck. You'd better telephone this number at Broadstairs. Tell them to send a doctor or a midwife."

Scott set off to the nearest telephone—across three fields at the next farm.

"Good luck," Miles told him with a wry smile. "Don't loaf about, will you?"

At Dumper Hill Evans was trying to free his vehicle. He had begun clearing a path around it, hoping to turn it back on the road, but had had no success.

He knew that only help from outside could get an ambulance to the farm. "Horsa Dan to Cudred Base. Horsa Dan to Cudred Base. Where is that snowplough? You'd better get a doctor. Get a midwife. Miles is at the farmhouse single-handed."

When Kenneth Paramour, the wireless control officer at Broadstairs, received the call from George Scott he telephoned the family doctor at Elham, three miles from the farm. The doctor, turned out of bed, said: "I'll try to get out, but first I shall have to dig out my garage. In the meantime, try the midwife." Paramour tried the Barham midwife. She was snowed in at another maternity case.

Alarmed by Mrs. Scott's plight, the duty doctor at the Kent and Canterbury Hospital offered to go to the farm if an ambulance could get him there, and Paramour telephoned his chief, Jack Gillin, at Canterbury. Gillin called the Kent roads department.

Their smallest machine was too wide to negotiate Dumper Hill so they decided to requisition a tractor belonging to a firm whose men they sometimes used for road clearance. By a curious coincidence, the driver they picked was David Miles, brother of the ambulance attendant.

At 4.30 a messenger was knocking on his door in Barham village. David Miles went out to his thirty-five horse-power tractor and set off across the fields to Dumper Hill.

In the ambulance duty room at Dover, driver John Booth and attendant Frank Pentecost had been listening to the plight of their colleagues. At 4.39 they could stand it no longer. Booth called: "Edric Frank to Cudred Base. Edric Frank to Cudred Base. We'd like to have a bash at getting to Barham. If we can get past Lydden Hill, we'll be all right." Broadstairs replied: "Cudred Base to Edric Frank. Go ahead Edric Frank—and good luck."

At 4.45 the Dover ambulance set out. By that time sixteen people were trying to get Audrey Scott to hospital.

At Shelvin Farm Arthur Miles padded up the narrow stairs of the small farm cottage in his stockinged feet and found Audrey Scott in bed, bewildered and shivering. It was her first baby, and she was a week ahead of her time. Her pains were violent but irregular.

"We are not supposed to deliver babies," says Miles. He recalls trying to remember what the rule book of the ambulance corps says about it. If the child was born, the ambulance man was to lay the child by the mother and call a doctor.

He says: "I could not make a call and I knew that nobody could come." Calmly he went over the bits of information he had heard about childbirth.

Trying to sound cheerful and authoritative, he told Mrs. Mullett to bring up hot water bottles and more blankets and to stand by Audrey Scott's bed and hold her hand. He then explained the principles of childbirth to the young mother. He told her to breathe evenly, to think of her child and not to worry.

He says: "What worried me most was separating the mother and child. I knew how to do it, but the rule book specifically forbids it. But there was no choice." Gradually the pains became more frequent.

His only link with the outside world was George Scott and the distant telephone. When Scott returned, Miles rushed downstairs for news. There was little to report, but Dover was sending an ambulance.

They'll never make it up Lydden Hill . . . Miles thought. Desperate, he told Scott: "You stay here. I'll go and telephone. I won't be a minute."

But at that moment Audrey Scott cried out and he rushed back upstairs.

For Evans, still digging his way out of the drift at Dumper Hill, the first sign of hope was the sound of David Miles's tractor. As his rescuer arrived they heard a message: "Edric Frank to Cudred Base. Have made the top of Lydden Hill after three attempts. On way to Dumper Hill."

It was 5.15 a.m. "Horsa Dan to Cudred Base. Tractor arrived. Driver trying to clear a path through fields for Edric Frank." David Miles drove off towards the distant light.

At 5.20 Evans saw the lights of the Dover ambulance on the hillside. He rushed up the slope and told Booth: "Don't go right down. Swing into the field. A tractor is making a path."

Skilfully, Booth turned off the road and Edric Frank began bumping through the snow-covered fields towards the tractor. Then it lurched into a ditch and came to a stop.

David Miles shouted: "It's no good this way. There are fences all the way along. I'll have to pull you back to the main road and down the other side."

But first he had to manoeuvre Edric Frank out of the ditch. With the three ambulance men pushing and pulling, the tractor towed the ambulance back on to the level field.

Then, wobbling forward at low speed, both vehicles reached the foot of Dumper Hill and began climbing towards the main road. Evans, blue with cold after more than three hours in the blizzard, set off across the fields to help Arthur Miles at the farm.

BUT Miles no longer needed help. In the cold light of dawn, Audrey Scott's baby, a girl, had been born, and her cries now filled the tiny, snow-bound cottage.

Miles took hold of the baby, cut the cord and, almost professionally, began wiping her mouth, eyes and nostrils with warm water on a pad of cottonwool. His hands no longer shook. He warmed a blanket, placed it inside a small cot and laid the baby down.

He says: "I don't quite know how I got downstairs, my legs were so wobbly. I asked Mr. Scott what the baby would be named and he replied: 'Margaret Alexandra.' "

Miles was still worried. The birth had been remarkably smooth, but he knew that there could be dangerous after-effects which could only be minimized by prompt hospital care. He went out into the farmyard. Dawn was breaking. It had stopped snowing, but it was still bitterly cold. Then suddenly the noise of engines filled the yard and in the semi-darkness the tractor nearly ran him over. Angrily he shouted: "Can't you see where you are going?" Then, recognizing his brother, he said: "With you as the driver I am not surprised. You always were crazy."

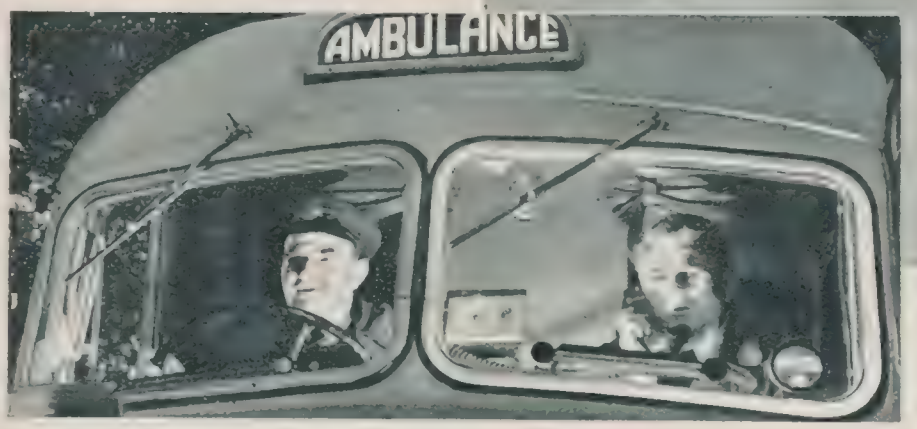
At 6.16 Booth radioed: "Edric Frank to Cudred Base. Baby born and separated. Tractor towing us back to Canterbury road. Blood transfusion may be required on arrival."

Towed by the tractor, the Dover ambulance made the stiff climb to the main road. Forty minutes later Audrey Scott and her baby reached the hospital—both were doing well.

Waiting for the tractor to return, Miles and Evans, exhausted, sat down to a cup of tea in front of the cottage fire. Evans took out Horsa Dan's log-book and made his report: "2.10 a.m. Mrs. A. Scott, Shelvin Farm, Barham, to Kent and Canterbury Hospital. Lost journey. Passed to Dover."

Horsa Dan and its team had done their job. THE END

Stranded cars and two feet of snow blocked the ambulance's road. Then it ran into a drift



Driver Evans with Arthur Miles, who reached the farm on foot —and delivered the baby

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You only have to prepare the vegetables to serve this delicious hot meal. Libby's Stewed Steak is already cooked and only needs heating. As well as a time-saver, it's a money-saver too because Libby's is all best meat, cooked in its own juices.

Another 'Easy-to-do' Recipe
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Fry 2 sliced onions in dripping until tender. Add ½ lb. peeled tomatoes and 1 tin Libby's Stewed Steak. Cook gently for 10 minutes. Add seasoning. Put two spoonfuls of the Steak Mixture into greased scallop shells. Arrange cooked sliced potatoes on top. Dot each with dripping and place under grill until brown.

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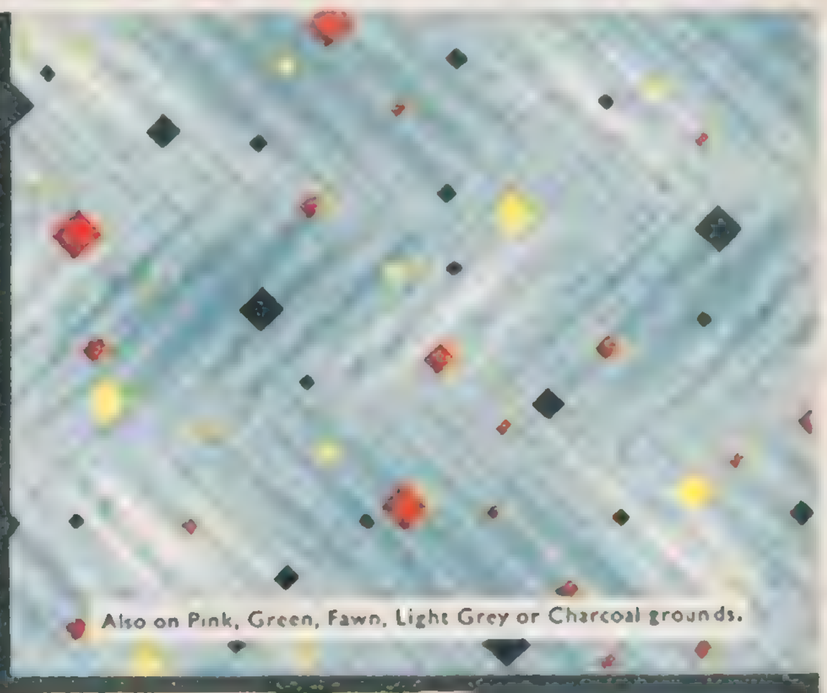

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British Congoleum Ltd., Dept. DI, 131 Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

Ian Henderson, the hero of Kenya

Continued from page 13

to bits, strangled or buried alive. Brother butchered brother with evident enjoyment. In theory Mau Mau was anti-white, but in practice the terrorists killed nearly a hundred times as many Africans as Europeans.

During the emergency more Europeans were killed in traffic accidents within the city of Nairobi than were murdered by terrorists in the whole of Kenya.

The arrest of Jomo Kenyatta's colleagues deprived Mau Mau of its recognized political leaders, but this did not check the spread of terror. By day, all was usually peaceful; by night, the terrorists swept over the reserve and settled areas taking food, taking money and taking life. If the security forces were often baffled by the problem of what to do next, so were the terrorists. They had no coherent plan of revolt; their objective was hazy, and their route unmarked. What to do, and where to do it?

The Mau Mau answer was to take to the forest, the traditional hiding place of the tribe.

THE main section of the Kikuyu reserve was flanked by two huge areas of woodland, on Mount Kenya and the Aberdares. At the beginning of the emergency active Mau Mau supporters began to trickle into the woods, and the trickle soon became a flood of thousands. For the most part it was the young men of the warrior age groups who took to the forest, but the oldest was nearly seventy and the youngest terrorist ever captured was just eleven—and twenty per cent of the forest bands were women.

At first, life for the terrorists in the forest was not too unpleasant. After the first few months, however, it became increasingly difficult to get food from the reserves. Then, in the summer of 1954, "Operation Anvil"—the search of Nairobi—destroyed much of the central passive organization in Nairobi, and broke up the best supply pipe-line.

Meanwhile, the troops and police were learning to operate effectively within the forest itself. The tracker teams developed phenomenal skill at following gangs and they eliminated many terrorists. Then the pseudo-gang technique was developed. Surrendered terrorists were formed into gangs led by young Europeans, most of whom had been born in Kenya.

Many terrorists, impressed by the hopelessness of their existence, surrendered. Many were killed during intra-Mau Mau arguments. Many died of disease or plain hardship. And many were killed by the security forces.

By mid-1955 three or four hundred forest terrorists were being eliminated each month.

At the beginning of the emergency, captured gangsters were often fat, bloated by the meat of stolen cattle. By the end of 1955 they were lean and verminous, but the bushcraft of these survivors had reached a superlative standard. When frightened they moved at staggering speed, and some gangs have been known to run seventy miles through the forest barefoot in a single day.

As food from the reserves became more difficult to steal, the hard core was thrown back on the resources of the forest. The hungry terrorists would sometimes eat raw monkey, or meat so maggot-ridden that even the hyenas would not touch it.

Material hardship, however, made little difference to this hard core. Their city clothes had long since disappeared, to be replaced by jackets and trousers of animal skin, which they would not take off for a year at a time. Some wore caps which they used to pull over their faces as protection from the rain when they slept, but at least one gang slept without blankets on the ice near the peaks of Mount Kenya.

By the end of 1955, only 1,500 of these terrorists were left at large, roaming over an area of more than six thousand square miles. Ordinary methods of warfare were clearly not going to dislodge them, and they could not be left to rot.

At the height of the emergency some 60,000 Kikuyu had been confined in detention camps. At the end of 1955 they were being released at the rate of two thousand a month.

The danger of a resurgence of Mau Mau remained as long as any recognized leaders were still at large. Of these leaders, by far the most powerful was Dedan Kimathi.

On October 31, 1920, Kimathi Wachiuri, later baptized with the name of Dedan, was born in the Tetu location close to Nyeri, the most northerly of all Kikuyu districts, and the one that lies closest to the Aberdares and Mount Kenya. He was an illegitimate child, but from childhood he used the name of Wachiuri, his mother's legal husband, who died some years before Kimathi's birth.

As his grandmother lay dying in 1931 she sent word that Kimathi was to come to her. Kimathi, then only eleven, was brought into the mud and wattle hut where the old woman lay, and received her blessing.

She was blind and frail. She laid her hand on Kimathi's cheek, and with her last words chose him to be the leader of the house and asked that she be turned so that she would die facing his bed. Then she dipped her finger in a goat's horn of water and sprinkled the liquid on Kimathi's head.

This event made a deep impression on the boy, and stimulated the superstitious inclinations that lurk in most Kikuyu hearts. Moreover, he believed that Ngai, the traditional god of the Kikuyu tribe, had guided his grandmother's hand and had chosen him to be the head of the whole tribe.

Kimathi did not try to win this leadership by minding his manners. Long before his grandmother made her gesture he had been saddled with a reputation for delinquency. When barely out of the toddling stage he was nicknamed "Njangu" (rough and treacherous) by his playmates.

Kimathi became variously a schoolteacher, a dairy clerk, a timber clerk and a trader in hides. But his career was chequered. He stole a bicycle from a labourer on a farm in the Naro Moru district. On a farm near Thomson's Falls he beat up a herdsman.

Despite, or perhaps because of, his lack of scruples, Kimathi became a popular figure with the uneducated Kikuyu that he met during his travels. Dabbling in clandestine subversive activities by night, and posing as the future leader of the tribe by day, he gained considerable influence in the outlying areas of the central and Rift Valley provinces.

On June 2, 1952, having already taken the Mau Mau oath twice and become a leading oath administrator in the Ol Kalou and Thomson's Falls area, he was appointed secretary of the local branch of the Kenya African Union, an organization closely interwoven with Mau Mau.

When bemused recruits poured into the forest, he assigned them to gangs and appointed leaders. From time to time he regrouped his forces, and these reorganizations were complex affairs involving up to two thousand men. He adopted British ranks, and the orderly room terminology of the British Army.

As his men forgot their past they worshipped their leader with increased fervour. They were certain he had the power to alter the course of rivers, to transform the ranching lands of the European farmers into lakes of stagnant water, and to lead the Mau Mau on to certain victory.

In this exalted position he was the invincible ruler of the mountains, and for a long time he enjoyed life in the jungle. But it was not to last. As the initiative was wrested from the Mau Mau, as more and more of his fanatical followers fell to the army, the police and the Kikuyu loyalists, he found he could no longer convene mass meetings in the forest and stand before thousands of excited worshippers.

The effect of all this upon Kimathi was profound. He unleashed his fury, not on the terrorists who were guarding him, for he could not do without them, but on those who had "betrayed the community" by committing minor infringements of his rules. Eating food before it had been shared out, speaking in his presence without his permission, failing to pray to Ngai—these and lesser deeds were punishable by death.

He soon gained the reputation in the jungle of being the most dangerous killer of them all. What some others thought of him is summed up in the words of a surrendered terrorist from Fort Hall, who said: "Nobody has helped the government as much as Kimathi, and for that reason he should be given a salary. He has killed more Mau Mau than any member of the security forces." Of that there was no doubt.

By the end of 1955, killing was Kimathi's sole interest, and as he never had the chance of killing outside his mountain domain, he killed lavishly within it.

Of his original harem he left himself with only one woman, Wanjiru, a nineteen-year-old girl from his own district of Nyeri. The others he strangled.

Kimathi and his henchmen adapted themselves to the hardships of isolation in the forest with great success. In this reversion to an animal existence, Kimathi outstripped all the others.

He chewed skins and bones like a hyena; his eyes flicked about like those of a nervous monkey; he never washed and his lice-ridden hair grew down his shoulders until it was long enough for him to swat horseflies.

Day and night he was on the alert, and his powers of sight, hearing and smell grew abnormally acute.

Kimathi, in the words of one policeman, "was as elusive as a butterfly." But if the myth of Mau Mau was going to be broken once and for all, this poison butterfly would have to be caught. . . .

While the future terrorist leader was being blessed by his grandmother, Kimathi's principal opponent, Ian Henderson, was toddling about just a few miles farther north.

His parents, both of whom had come from Scotland, were on a coffee farm just outside the small town of Nyeri. Their farm, which stretched almost from the township line to the edge of the Aberdares, ran up to the best game forest in Kenya. The well-known Treetops game lookout was built a few hundred yards from the farm's boundary fence.

The view was superb—impressive but friendly. Mount Kenya rose a few miles to the east and the Aberdares a few hundred yards to the west.

It could have been a lonely life for a farmer's young son; there were no white playmates nearby for young Ian. But there were plenty of African boys on the farm. Ian played with them. He formed and led his first band of Africans. He talked with them. He fought and thought with them.

The farm and the forest were the strongest material influence on Ian Henderson's youth. For a time his father thought of sending him to a forestry school in New Zealand, but the war was still flickering on. The fighting would clearly be over by the time he was trained. In Kenya, however, there was an alternative to military service. He could join the police, and he did so in February, 1945, just before his eighteenth birthday.

He was an ordinary young Kenyan, fond of sport, popular with his colleagues, meticulously neat. But he had one extraordinary qualification: he knew the Kikuyu people and he knew their language. He knew how their minds worked and he knew whom to go to for information.

This was of vital importance in ordinary police work. When he was still a junior officer, eighteen houses were broken into at Nanyuki, a town not far from Nyeri. The local police could find no conclusive clues. Henderson was sent for. Within a fortnight he had solved fifteen of the robberies.

This knowledge of the Kikuyu was

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

NORMAN COLLINS

(author of "London Belongs To Me") answered these six questions on LONDON. Pit your wits against his and try to beat his score

(Answers on page 32)

1	Everybody knows of the Monument standing near London Bridge. Why was it erected and why is it 202 feet tall?	It was built to commemorate the great Fire of London in 1666. I'm not sure why it is 202 feet tall but I guess it may be that 202 buildings were destroyed in the fire, or perhaps 202 people were killed.
2	Who or what does Eros commemorate?	I should think some event, such as an exhibition or something.
3	Which is London's tallest building?	St. Paul's Cathedral.
4	The names of former gates in the old London wall live on in names such as Aldgate and Ludgate. Can you name the other six?	Newgate, Cripplegate, Billingsgate, Moorgate and perhaps Tower Gate —although I don't really think that is one of them.
5	Marble Arch was originally meant as an archway to Buckingham Palace. Why is it not there?	I can only make a practical guess —because it was too narrow for the carriages to go through?
6	Which is the busiest traffic spot in London?	Hyde Park Corner.

GARDENS—3

A gardener is someone who thinks that what goes down must come up.

I. B. Gibson

They're Young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas

These kiddies are learning a lot listening to Fred Streeter, the well-known expert on gardening—and they're enjoying themselves enormously. It's a happy time when they're young. That's when they're nicest. And the same is true of garden peas. They're nicest when they're young . . . and they're young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas. Fresh, sweet and tender—because they're picked at the peak of their young perfection, and canned within a short matter of hours. Let your family enjoy Batchelors Garden Peas often.

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even more valuable when he was transferred to Special Branch. At last he was the proverbial round peg in the round hole—but the months that followed were frustration. His African friends were going bad before his eyes.

When Princess Elizabeth came to Kenya in 1952 he commanded her guard at Sagana Lodge, but most of the time he just had to watch and to worry. In the words of one of his African assistants, "Mr. Henderson does not work with time." At weekends, when many of his friends were off playing golf, he would plunge into the forests of Mount Kenya to look for General China, the principal Mau Mau leader in that part of the world. His reward was a bullet through his left arm.

ON January 16, 1954, General China did fall into the government's hands. Ian Henderson was his principal interrogator—and General China decided to co-operate. Securing the co-operation of General China was a substantial achievement, but this was only the beginning of a curious chapter.

The terrorists in the forests of Mount Kenya had to be persuaded to co-operate with their former leader and give up terrorism. An involved series of meetings and confrontations now took place.

In the words of the citation of his first George Medal: "Between February 13 and April 10, 1954, Mr. Henderson was in immediate command of the Special Branch detachment assigned the duty of attempting to bring about a meeting between government representatives, and those of the terrorists in the Mount Kenya area. The nature of this assignment made it necessary for Mr. Henderson to travel frequently into the forests and parts of the reserves occupied by terrorists under conditions of extreme vulnerability in order to achieve the objective."

These official words mean that Henderson walked into the forest time after time—often unarmed—to parley with a band of half-crazed thugs. The negotiations were protracted, and the conditions were trying.

A military mishap, for which a stray band of Mau Mau was responsible, broke the confidence of the terrorists just at the moment when it seemed that they would surrender in large numbers, but they respected Henderson. The Kikuyu give everyone nicknames, and he was called "Kinyanjui" after a Gladstonian elder statesman of the tribe who had died just before the first World War.

By 1955 the Mau Mau front was beginning to crack badly. Henderson played his part in the development of the pseudo-gangs technique, and then went into the forest of the Aberdares for the "Chui" surrender talks, where he earned his second George Medal. Once again he was the spokesman for the government.

This eminence did not shake his diffident manner. Even his hair seems to recede out of modesty. His slim, wiry body seeks the background, but his eyes are memorable.

Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Lathbury, the G.O.C. East Africa, declared in his farewell message to Special Branch: "Ian Henderson has probably done more than any single individual to bring the emergency to an end."

Kinyanjui, "the elder statesman," and his Special Branch colleagues now turned their full attention to the problem of catching Kimathi.

By the end of 1955 only a handful of terrorists were being captured each week. The 1,500 still at large were the bushcraft experts, and as their numbers dwindled the survivors were harder to find.

Finally, inevitably, these survivors realized that former terrorists were being used to hunt them, and they took special precautions. The chances of catching Dedan Kimathi with an ordinary pseudo-gang were now remote.

It was virtually certain that he was in the Aberdares, but that information was not much comfort to Kimathi's hunters. The Aberdares rise fairly steeply from the plains of the Central Province, and then at 11,000 feet it looks as if the whole top of the mountains has been cut away with a jagged saw. The flat top is eighty miles long. It is a place of swamps, lakes, icy winds and swirling mists.

Immediately below this, known as the Moorlands, stands the bamboo belt. This is twelve to fifteen miles wide and circles the whole mountain, covering an area of four thousand square miles. In some places it is so thick that only a faint glimmer of light can be seen when the sun is overhead at midday. Below this tangled mass is a belt of deciduous "black" forest.

Faced with the massive problem of finding the terrorist needle in this vast haystack of a mountain, an expert committee of three was set up. There was Assistant Commissioner John Prendergast, G.M., a tall, handsome Irishman, the director of Special Branch, and a veteran of the last forest surrender talks, and Superintendent Anthony Lapage, a square, solid, smiling man, who had already hunted for Mau Mau with substantial success. The third member of the committee was Ian Henderson.

They reviewed the numerous operations launched during the past three years in an effort to catch Kimathi.

But there was no obvious way of trapping him. Only improbable schemes had a chance of success, and the committee chose the most improbable.

They would try to seize some members of Kimathi's gang. They would try to convert the gangsters before Kimathi missed them, and they would try to persuade the gangsters to lead a striking force back to Kimathi.

The odds against success were clearly enormous. The whole plan was drenched with complications. How could gangsters be captured without Kimathi's knowledge? How could they be made to co-operate quickly?

First the committee had to make contact with Kimathi's men. How would they do it? They would write the gang a letter. The problem of contact in the forest worried the Mau Mau as well as the security forces. Our troops had wireless sets, but the Mau Mau could only write letters to each other. With stubby pencils on grubby paper they scribbled notes, which they posted in their letter boxes. These letter boxes, known only to their friends, would be such places as holes in trees and cracks in rocks.

Henderson and his colleagues decided that three identical letters should be written by a surrendered terrorist and posted in three separate parts of the forest. The letters would simply call on the gang as a whole to surrender. Previous experience gained in writing

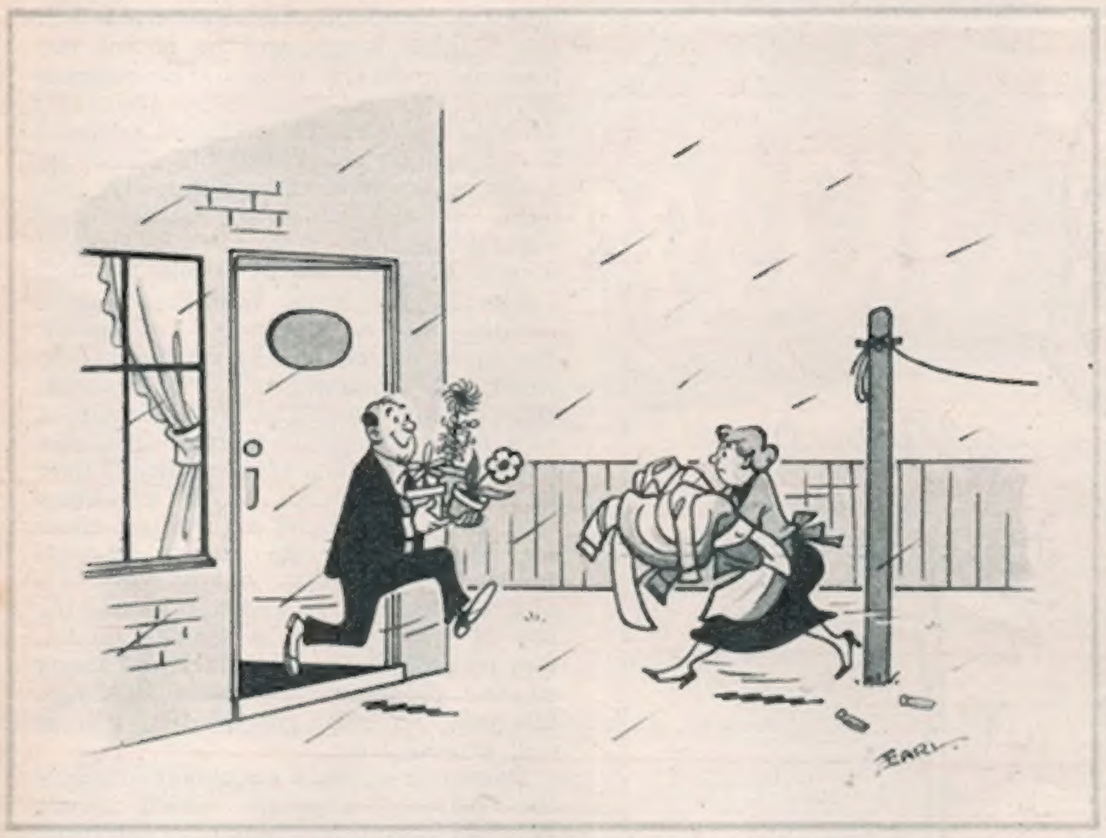
CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

IN his answers to six questions about London on page 31, Norman Collins scored four points. He was half right over Question 1. The Monument was built to commemorate the Fire of London exactly 202 feet from the spot in Pudding Lane where the fire started.

He was wrong over Question 2. Eros commemorates the great pioneer of social reform, Anthony Ashley-Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. He answered Question 3 correctly—the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral is 365 feet high. And he named three gates in the old London Wall. The eight are Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate and Bridgegate.

His guess at Question 5 was correct. Marble Arch was put up outside Buckingham Palace twelve years after Waterloo as an arch of peace. It was moved in 1851 because it was too narrow for the state carriage to pass through and it became the north entrance to Hyde Park. Later road widening left it isolated.

Collins was right over Question 6. Hyde Park Corner is crossed by 80,000 vehicles a day.



letters to Mau Mau leaders urging them to surrender had shown that if any specific terrorist leader was mentioned by name in a letter, then there would be no response. Kimathi would not be mentioned at all in these new letters, which would be addressed to "The People in the Forest," but it was hoped that any such letter found in the forest would find its way up the ladder to Kimathi.

After the letters had been posted, an aircraft fitted with a powerful loud-speaker would fly over the forest, sky-shouting a recorded message announcing the position of the letters.

If Kimathi had not actually heard the sky-shout himself he would soon be told about it. A conference would be called. Kimathi would preside, and younger terrorists would be sent off to collect one of the letters.

Provided these terrorists could be captured, indirect contact with Kimathi would have been made.

Henderson and his colleagues then developed a plan for capturing the messengers. The ambush might have to remain hidden, motionless and silent, for days on end, as nobody could say when the letters would be collected, if they were collected at all. However long it took the messengers to arrive, the ambush party would have to strike so quickly that nobody could escape.

Once the messengers had been captured, Henderson and his colleagues felt reasonably confident that they would get the terrorists' co-operation.

Two more problems remained before the plan could be put into action. Where should the letters be planted and also where should the warning message be sky-shouted?

Henderson and Tony Lapage went to various detention camps to talk to terrorists who had just come from the forest. Nobody had seen Kimathi for weeks, but they did discover that in the earlier stages of the emergency he had shown a peculiar liking for three particular spots on the eastern slopes of the Aberdares. Perhaps he was still there. They then looked for three suitable areas in the region where the letters could be planted.

This was far from easy. The points had to be suitable for ambush, they had to be points which could be described in detail within six seconds. There would not be time for elaborate descriptions before the aircraft flew out of hearing range.

Finally Henderson and his colleagues picked three points which were so well known to the terrorists that they had been given terrorist nicknames. The first of these was an old Mau Mau hide-out used by Dedan Kimathi in 1953, and known as "Mihuro," meaning "at the bottom."

The second point was a large Mau Mau food store, long abandoned, on the slopes of a small hill known as "Karathi's Mother." Many years ago, according to Kikuyu legend, a Kikuyu woman had sacrificed her only son, Karathi, at the top of the hill. This had been done in the hope that evil spirits would be appeased and that the locusts eating her crops would vanish.

The other point was an enormous rock weighing some five tons at the end of Wanderers' Track. Dedan Kimathi had once been able to convince his gullible followers that he had put the rock there himself to stop the Royal Engineers building the track farther up the mountain.

How could Henderson and his colleagues best ambush these points?

They approached the police and army dog teams, but none of the dog handlers could guarantee that his animal would remain silent for long in the forest.

It was decided that instead of ambushing all three letter points, the police would keep out of the forest until Henderson and Lapage discovered that a letter had been removed. Then, before the terrorists had time to bring back their reply, they would move up and ambush that point.

NEXT WEEK: The hunt in the forest . . . . Ian Henderson begins his own dramatic story of his struggle with Dedan Kimathi, Mau Mau's most tyrannical and ruthless leader.

This now meant that all three letters had to be so written that Kimathi would be sufficiently interested to reply. In normal circumstances Mau Mau would never reply to a letter written by a surrendered terrorist unless the writer said something about defeat. Any suggestion that defeat was imminent so infuriated them that they would, given an opportunity, seek to disillusion the author by murdering him.

The letters were written in a provocatively defeatist vein, saying that the people in the forest were doomed, and that the writer would return to the same point in the jungle alone and unarmed some days later to lead the gangs into captivity. This sort of letter would annoy Kimathi so much, it was thought, that he would send some of his henchmen to kill the writer at the letter point. Seven days after the letters were planted—so went the message—the writer would return. This would give the gangs time to react to the sky-shout, collect the letter and choose the murder party.

Henderson and Lapage would plant the letters at Mihuro on December 19, 1955, at Karathi's Mother on the twentieth, and at the rock on Wanderers' Track on the twenty-first. The sky-shouting would be carried out on the following days. Three days after the planting of the letters they would go back.

If a letter had gone they would return on the seventh day to await all comers.

"The Hunt For Kimathi," by Ian Henderson with Philip Goodhart, will be published as a book by Hamish Hamilton in May, at 21s.

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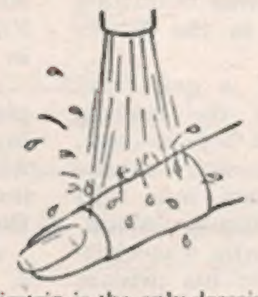

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Baudouin the bachelor king

Continued from page 17

has been his stepmother. When Baudouin first met her as a child of nine she was a pretty young governess-teacher named Liliane Baels. She won the hearts of the three motherless children at the same time as she solaced Leopold's loneliness.

Two years later their father announced that he was going to marry Mademoiselle Baels. The children were asked how they wanted to address her. "Madame" was perhaps too formal.

Baudouin spoke for the three when he replied, "We would like to call her 'mummy'. If she is your wife she will be our mother."

Three years ago Baudouin, suffering from a cold, was walking through the square on a visit to a distant Belgian village. A large black car pulled up and there was a series of whispers up the chain of command until a square box was handed to the King. Quietly he sat down on a bench and put on rubber overshoes which his stepmother had travelled all morning to carry to him.

It is a cosseting not over appreciated by the Belgians who, remembering tough King Albert of the first World War, prefer their rulers to be made of sterner stuff.

Many Belgians believe that the Princess de Rethy exercises too much influence over her stepson king and periodically there is an outcry in the press.

In February, 1953, her alleged "interference" resulted in a national crisis. Belgium, like Holland and Britain, was suffering from severe floods. While the royal families of Britain and Holland were photographed touring the devastated areas of their countries, it was learned in Belgium that King Baudouin was in the south of France with his father and stepmother.

The Belgian press published pictures of the dark-haired, svelte and smiling thirty-eight year old stepmother in plunging neckline and slacks alongside Baudouin.

"Far from the Belgian flood," captioned the Socialist *Volksguzet*, "at Antibes there is sun." Its leader said: "The departure of members of the Royal Family for a holiday at this time is ill-advised. We will not try to hide what a bad impression it made when they found it necessary to leave for a Riviera holiday while the country is licking its wounds. . . ."

Another paper, *Le Peuple*, wrote: "Madame de Rethy is exercising a palace influence to which she has no right as Baudouin's stepmother. The Government must regularize her status."

Feeling reached such a pitch that the Prime Minister, M. Jan van Houtte, flew down to clarify the situation. He announced after his visit: "The nation should know that the King has a chronically high temperature—about 101.3 nearly every day." Baudouin's health was not improved by the sudden death of his doctor who had come from Brussels to examine him. The Royal physician, Dr. Breuer, had just begun his examination when he sprawled in a faint across the King's bed. When attendants lifted him up he was dead. Baudouin sank pale and shaken back on his pillows: "Poor man," he said, "was it necessary that he come all this way?"

Baudouin—and his stepmother—were again criticized when he took another holiday while the nation was mourning the deaths of 263 men in the Bitter Heart mine explosion.

Baudouin's best sport is golf, and he aspires to be one of the leading players in Belgium. He is a hole-in-oner, having accomplished this feat on the Laeken course four years ago. In October, 1956, he invited Henry Cotton, the British team captain who was visiting Belgium, to play over his private course. Unfortunately there were some unforeseen difficulties and the King's invitation was not accepted. Baudouin then cancelled his intended visit to the Britain *v.* Europe Golf Match in which Cotton was to captain the British team.

He likes trout fishing, but has no affection for guns and shooting although as a matter of form he will sometimes join a shooting party when he stays at his Ardennes château. He enjoys fast driving and when he is outside his own country he often takes the wheel for a racing whirl. His favourite car is the Aston Martin and he has owned four of them, the latest being a DB2-4 Mark III, finished in crimson, which he bought last spring after Roy Parnell, superintendent of the Aston Martin Racing Department, took him on a 135-mile-per-hour run on the Antwerp auto route.

Baudouin was brought up without many frills and is visibly uncomfortable in the presence of ceremony—an attitude which shows itself in an unsmiling stiffness in his contact with the public.

He is not helped by a stilted and inept public relations service which has been caught in "terminological inexactitûdes" more than once. There was the time when Baudouin in the south of France gave an interview to a French journalist which was featured in *France Soir*.

In the interview Baudouin complained about how his family was being harrassed by press and politicians. An immediate denial that such an interview had been given came from the then Prime Minister.

France Soir responded by publishing a picture of the King with their reporter and printed a facsimile of a page of the interview with the corrections made by Baudouin's A.D.C.

On the occasion of the mine disaster the Palace in Brussels flew the Royal flag, indicating that the King was in residence. On the same day pictures were taken of Baudouin disporting on a Riviera beach with the Princess de Rethy.

In Switzerland, where he completed his studies after the war, he was called "Baudruche" by his fellow students. This literally means an airfield wind direction sock, but in French it's the humorous equivalent of "dumb cluck." Actually Baudouin was not disliked by his student circle and his nickname is not evidence of "dumbness."

In mathematics and physics he is brilliant. He speaks six languages and is a serious student of history. Perhaps his chief recreation is listening to classical music—Bach is his favourite composer.

His love for music is a special link with his remarkable grandmother, the eighty-three year old Queen Elisabeth. Annually she sponsors an international music contest which is strongly contested by musicians from behind the Iron Curtain. She is also interested in the Belgium-Soviet Friendship Society—a fellow-travellers' organization.

Baudouin has gently suggested that she drop an interest which is so much criticized in Belgium, but the old lady is loth to do so. She says it might alienate the musicians from the Soviet countries who now compete in her music contest. This caused considerable annoyance to many Belgians during the Hungarian uprising when the Belgian weekly *Pourquoi Pas?* commented: "Above the enthusiasm for artistic exchanges we believe, Madame, that there are gestures to be made and pledges to be given. The roar of Soviet tanks is drowning the violin of Oistrakh."

Unlike his handsome brother Albert, Baudouin has so little vanity that it sometimes exasperates his entourage. When the Belgian Post Office issued a series of stamps with the face of the new king, Baudouin examined them carefully. "Where are my spectacles?" he asked. "We took them off, sir, to make a better picture." "Put them back on," said Baudouin, "I always wear them." The issue was scrapped and a new one printed.

Although it is traditional for the Belgian sovereign to wear military uniform, Baudouin has never trained in the Belgian forces and he is not too fond of military dress. He remains obviously the civilian under the field-marshal's cloak. His preferred costume is the sports jacket and old slacks he wears on his Riviera holidays. He is a light eater, preferring grills and vegetable dishes. Apart from a glass of wine at table he hardly drinks alcohol.

The Belgian Royal Family is not as wealthy as is commonly supposed. Baudouin is rich but by no means the wealthiest monarch in the world, although his great-grand-uncle made a vast fortune from the Congo. The vast holdings of Leopold II were turned over to the country in his will on condition that the government maintained them for the use of the Royal Family; Baudouin's annual allowances are about £260,000. In addition he has the use of two palaces, a seaside chalet, two manors in the Ardennes and many smaller châteaux and land holdings. His wife, when he chooses her, will be well provided for.

Baudouin appears unconcerned about the periodic rumours which sweep Belgium about his romantic interests. He is in no hurry to marry, although his people evidently are impatient that he does so very soon. "I will marry when I meet a woman as beautiful as my mother," he told a friend. Indeed, his name has been coupled with that of many beautiful and delightful princesses.

THE subject is discussed at length throughout the country. Each lovely princess has her partisans. Currently there is much talk about the dark-eyed beauty Sandra Torlonia, the Italian princess. Twenty-year-old blonde Anne de France, third daughter of the Pretender to the French throne, the Comte de Paris, is another princess whose name is frequently heard as a prospective bride. Many Belgians make no secret of their preference for an English princess. Their hopes rest on Princess Margaret or Princess Alexandra, two of the guests who have been invited to Baudouin's grand ball on April 19.

The young king, after several years of uncertainty, is slowly acquiring a certain aplomb in the business of reigning. When he visited the Mardi Gras celebrations at Binche local miners in jesters' costumes pelted him with oranges—treatment traditionally accorded to all spectators at these festivities. Baudouin laughed and wiped the fruit stains off.

Baudouin was not twenty-one when the burden of unwanted kingship fell on him due to the dissension in Belgium over the rôle of his father in the second World War. When he stood, tall, solemn and overawed in a general's uniform to take the oath, Communist deputies shouted "Long live the Republic!" Baudouin seemed to be holding back the tears.

The President of the Belgian Senate, M. Paul Struye, said to him then: "It is through trial and tribulation that Your Majesty has been called on to take his initiation into what Montaigne described as the harshest and most difficult calling in the world."

Certainly Baudouin has had his share of trial and tribulation. But those who know the King as well as he can be known say that a new light is in his eye and there is an easier tendency for his lips to smile. He talks more spiritedly and acts with greater spontaneity.

When he was on holiday in Spain, travelling incognito as Mr. Rethy, a pretty girl was seen in the car with him. Despite the efforts of reporters nobody learned her name and the Spanish Government put a ban on photographers.

Relaxed at home, Baudouin read the papers and with a boyish grin announced to the room at large, "And I hope it won't be the last time I shall travel like that. A king also has the right to be a man." His countrymen wish him the best of luck in this.

They also hope that this year their King will make himself a little better known to the guests his nation will entertain—as well as to the nation itself.

THE END

GARDENS—4

The gardener is a millionaire for a few pence.

V. Sackville-West

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***Example:* He May Be A Giant, But**
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£25 S. Hartshorn, 7 Clara Mount Road, Langley, Heanor: **Over A Pint—Parliament, Congress, Kremlin—Debunked!**

£10 D. Kavanagh, 39 Station Road, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees: **By The Time It's Summit—Time, *Our* "Summits Snow-capped"?**

£9 E. Jones, 2 Nellington Road, Rusthall, Tunbridge Wells: **He May Be A Failure, But—Why "Beef"? Be *Wife*!**

£8 Mrs. J. M. Hannam, 40 Barton Avenue, Keyham, Plymouth: **In Mankind's Garden—Plan *Furrows*, Not "*Burrows*"!**

£7 J. L. Steel, c/o 22 Stonny Croft, Ashtead: **Looking Up—A World "*Hooking* Up."**

£6 L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Lancs: **Going To Be Awkward—Carrying *Hydrogen* To "Summit"?**

£5 S. Brooker, 83 Church Way, Iffley, Oxford: **Baby Zeta—Toddling Towards "Hearth"—*Reassuring.***

£5 Mrs. E. Clarke, 31 Stanley Road, Birmingham: **Eleven Plus—Eleven, Plus Ref—*Incalculable*!**

£5 A. Matthews, 134 Lindfield Road, Broxtowe, Nottingham: **Eleven Plus—"Yard-stick," Not "*Yard-arm*," Parents!**

10 of £2 10s.

L. Bond, 41 Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.19: **Bit Of A Poet—First *Rhubarb* Inspires—Dad!**

R. Brian, c/o 50 Romany Road, Northampton: **Eleven Plus—*No* Tea—"Testing" Bureaucrat!**

Miss Granville, 24 The Fairway, Northwood, Middlesex: **Reluctant Hero—In "Western Picture"—Ike?**

M. Horspool, Hill Crest, Dover Road, Branksome Park, Bournemouth: **By The Time It's Fully—Awake, Dad's Greyhound *Tired*!**

Miss M. Jenkins, 36 Ynyswen Road, Treorchy: **Bit Of A Poet—Rented *Half* Of Attic!**

J. A. Nicol, 67 Taplings Road, Weeke, Winchester: **By The Time It's Finished—Channel Tunnel, H-bomb Shelter?**

A. Saunders, 3 Elmcroft Avenue, London, N.9: **The Urge To Conquer—Man Shares With *Microbe*!**

H. E. Smith, 107 Allington Avenue, Lenton, Nottingham: **By The Time It's Translated—*Next* Russian Note Arrives!**

J. Topp, 8 Emsworth Rd., Lymington: **Going To Be Awkward—For *Malta*, Mintoff's Awkwardness."**

W. B. Young, 30 St. Oswald's Road, London, S.W.16: **Baby Zeta—"Jack" To Giant Smog?**

1,600 other prizes have also been posted.

THIS WAY TO £500 and JERSEY HOLIDAY PRIZE

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list on right. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 6d. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 24), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 10, for early news of No. 2,138 result.)

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any of these Examples

Richer Britain
Roof Over Our Heads
Conjurer Amory
Without The H-bomb
Ogre Unemployment
Blue Skies
The Dream Faded And
Island Paradise
Freedom, Justice, Humanity
For The Umpteenth Time

Present From Moscow
On The Threshold
Load Of Junk
Go-ahead Lad
Veiled In Mystery
At The BBC
Flabbergasted
Effie's Got A Date, So
A Slanging Match
Up In The Attic

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual

Given Too Much.....
Spring-cleaning The.....
Before ..... Starts
A Cast-iron.....
Dying To.....
Whether She's.....Or

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The *Ful-Vue Super* camera makes it easy to take lovely pictures, because of its giant viewfinder. It's just the job for you and *all* the family—coupon on right shows how to win this £3 2s. 7d. model.

POST THIS £500 COUPON by MON., APR. 28

EXAMPLE ..... 6d. PER "BULLET"

BULLET

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B

UP TO 20 CAMERAS Grand Ful-Vue Super Camera goes to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EXTRA THREE "BULLETS" FOR 1s.

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I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet or 3s. 6d. for complete coupon.

P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

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Name.....

Address.....

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USER MUST AFFIX 3d. STAMP HERE

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